The Nation.

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The Week.

There is no reason for surprise at the Supreme Court's decision in the Continental Wall Paper Company case, that debts cannot be collected through the courts by a Trust. The language of the so-called Anti-Trust Act of 1890 is distinct and its penalties severe; one of its sections goes further even than the court went on Monday, and provides that "any property owned under any contract, or by any combination, or pursuant to any conspiracy," as defined in the prohibitory clause of the law, may, in the course of interstate transportation, be seized and condemned. What the court declared on Monday was, in the words of Justice Harlan's opinion, that the court "will not lend its aid in any way to enforce or to realize the fruits of an agreement which appears to be tainted with illegality," even when such refusal shields "a defendant who has got something for which, as between man and man, he ought perhaps to pay." This statement enunciates no novel principle. The real question at issue was whether the Wall Paper Company was or was not acting in restraint of trade under the law of 1890, and therefore an illegal enterprise. The court declares this to have been the fact; for the company had obtained a virtual monopoly in its branch of trade, had fixed prices 50 per cent. above what would have prevailed in a competitive market, and had refused to sell to the defendant, a jobbing merchant in the trade, except under a signed agreement to maintain the artificial prices. The decision, it is true, is rendered by a divided court on a vote of 5 to 4, but it will be taken as cumulative evidence, in line with the decision in the Tobacco Trust case, and last week's refusal of the Senate committee to emasculate the Anti-Trust Act itself, that there is to be no diminution of the terrors of the law for capitalistic tyranny.

If anti-Japanese agitators in California insist upon the passage of their bills, they may involve the nation in grave difficulties. Do the Californians wish to endanger our trade with the Orient? If they were really in danger of being submerged by an inrush of Japanese, there might be some excuse for their conduct, but that is not the case. The population of California, according to the last census, was 1,485,053, and is now much larger. The total number of Japanese under the Japanese consulate-general at San Francisco in the four States of California, Colorado, Utah, and Nevada and the two Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, is but 44,883, according to official figures. All told, the Japanese government does not know of more than 71,712 Japanese in the whole United States, of whom 3,403 are in Oregon and 17,623 in Montana, Wyoming, Idaho, Washington, and Alaska. Surely, it is ridiculous to speak of peril from such a mere handful of Japanese —even though our fear may be a compliment to their industry and ability.

The outlook for the Newfoundland fisheries convention, signed last week by Secretary Root and Ambassador Bryce, is somewhat uncertain. The fact that the treaty is to be withheld from the Senate until approved by the Newfoundland government shows that such ratification is by no means regarded as a certainty. The treaty leaves the adjustment of our dispute with Newfoundland so completely in the hands of the Hague Tribunal that Premier Bond should have no valid reasons for holding back. But utter distrust of American intentions has become a part of the Bond faith, and he may feel that not even the Hague Court can escape the subtle effects of our corrupting influence. Hence it is reported that the Newfoundland Cabinet has not accepted the Washington arbitration treaty, but has submitted counter proposals. So the *modus vivendi* arranged last August for the season of 1908-09 runs on, the Newfoundlanders evidently thinking that ninety-nine years of *modus vivendi* are better than a permanent solution in which "principle" shall be sacrificed. If Newfoundland does yield, the change will come, we imagine, as a result of the play of domestic policies. Premier Bond's former unquestioned ascendency is breaking down. In November's general elections for the Legislative Council, the government secured a majority of only two in thirty-six. With less united backing Mr. Bond may become more conciliatory.

Secretary Root's last official act will not count least to his credit. In dismissing the demand of the Russian Government for the extradition of Christian Rudovitz, he has given deep satisfaction to thousands of American citizens who have seen in Russia's campaign against Rudovitz and his fellow-prisoner in this city, Pouren, an assault on the right of political asylum. The Russian Government charged Rudovitz with having committed murder, arson, burglary, robbery, and larceny in 1906. The defence argued that the acts committed by Rudovitz were in his capacity as a member of the Social Democratic party, delegated with others to inflict punishment on certain government spies. Commissioner Foote, in Chicago, held that Rudovitz was an ordinary criminal. Secretary Root has now reversed that decision. The doctrine of political asylum demands that the accused be given the benefit of every doubt; and that the absence of all intention to punish him for political offences be made a certainty. In the brief submitted to Mr. Root by counsel for Rudovitz, great stress is laid on the fact that the Russian case was based on the testimony of practically a single person; and that this direct witness had made two depositions, of which one, made less than a month after the acts charged in the indictment, is contradicted by another made sixteen months later. The first affidavit did not profess to identify the accused. The second did, besides falling into other discrepancies. Counsel argued that there could be little doubt of what had happened in the interval. Russia's well-known methods of dealing with political offenders had been brought to bear on recalcitrant or unsatisfactory witnesses. Their memories were refreshed. And that constitutes the crux of the question. Evidence that comes from a government that tolerates torture and summary execution must be received as suspect. We do not say that such reasoning entered into Mr. Root's decision. The case against Rudovitz, even if manufactured, was weak. But in

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the undecided case of Pouren and in all future cases of the kind, it must be remembered that neither truth nor liberty flourishes under the knout.

If the House concurs, a new position in the State Department will soon be created with a title unknown in our political history: "Under-Secretary of State." The Senate voted this office, with a salary of $10,000, because of the overworking of all the recent Secretaries of State. "I know," said Senator Lodge, "that the work was so severe, the burden so heavy, that it was a leading cause in the breaking-down of Mr. Hay's health. I know how heavy the burden has been for Mr. Root to carry." Some man, he went on to explain, is needed who can administer the State Department in the absence of the Secretary, or when he is engrossed with diplomatic work of such moment that it can be entrusted to no other hands. "We want a man," Senator Lodge declared, "in a higher position, at a larger salary, than is awarded an Assistant Secretary." No one who is familiar with the State Department could possibly deny the need Mr. Lodge described. The Secretary is so harassed by politicians and by newspaper correspondents, is compelled to give so much of his day to visiting diplomats, or to visitors with legitimate business, or to dictation of necessary correspondence, that the wonder grows that he has any time and strength for the quiet, constructive planning and execution of large policies that have marked both the recent administrations of the office.

The importance of the Senate's action lies not so much in the fact that the Under-Secretary is to take rank immediately after the Secretary and above the Assistant Secretaries, as in the suggestion that this may be the beginning of the introduction into all our more important departments of the permanent sub-official, who shall not be removed with every change of Administration, but shall become the repository of secrets, traditions, and customs, and therefore an efficient coach to the Secretary himself. The function of such an officer in England has been clearly set forth by the president-elect of Harvard in his notable work "The Government of England." A political chief of the department brings his administration into harmony with public and Parliament. He is also charged with rooting out old abuses, correcting the tendency to red tape and routine and preventing the department from going to sleep. The Under-Secretaries, on the other hand, advise on the questions that arise, from their background of experience and knowledge. The Under-Secretary is also something like the executive officer on a warship in that he gives directions to the proper subordinates for carrying out the decisions and policies of the Secretary. Again, he acts as a reader for his chief, making briefs on all questions requiring attention, so that a decision may be rendered quickly and intelligently. Sometimes the known opinions of an Under-Secretary make it impossible for him to stay in office, but generally, he is supposed to work with Tory or Liberal chief alike. Frequently, by reason of knowledge and ability, he is the real Secretary. It was said of Sir Robert Herbert, who was permanent Under-Secretary from 1871 to 1892, that he was the man who controlled "the destinies of the Colonial Office." For the present, our Under-Secretary of State, if created, will probably hold office only with each Administration. Senator Nelson, however, in the debate, expressed the hope that he would become a permanent official and no one objected.

Whatever the motives prompting Congress to vote $500,000 for the development of military flying-machines, the act may have important consequences. The amazing progress of the past five years in aerial navigation promises things that, but the other day, were wild dreams, and, even now, seem extravagant when set down in cold type. We cannot think out the possibilities of a perfect dirigible war balloon without realizing, long before we reach the end of the story, that, in the presence of such an instrument, a regiment will be as a swarm of caterpillars, and a Dreadnought scarcely more dangerous than a mud turtle. Were our government to offer a prize of $500,000 for a perfect aerial fighting machine, the naval budget might, in another twenty years, give us no more concern than the pensions for Mexican War veterans.

The thing that stands out most sharply in Mr. Root's address to the New York Legislature, last week, is his warning against throwing too great burdens upon the national government. Already, he declares, the efficiency of the governmental machine is much impaired by the excessive strain to which it has been subjected. Here, then, we have a great centralizer, speaking out concerning the dangers of centralization. Here is a man who has been part of the brain of Federal government, for ten years past, reporting that it is being seriously congested. The blood must somehow be got back to the extremities, or there will be a stroke. As it is, too much government work "smells of apoplexy," as Scott said that his later writings did. The process of heaping loads on the strong back of Congress and the administration began before Mr. Roosevelt became President, but under him it has gone on prodigiously. It is common to speak of this as "usurpation." Sometimes, there is pictured to us a dictator, greedy of power, reaching out to assume one function of the States after another. In reality, that does not seem to us the true explanation. We do not suppose that Mr. Roosevelt ever stops to think whether he is absorbing duties that had better be left to others. He is of inexhaustible energy and unbounded confidence, and sees no reason why all the troubles and problems of the people should not be referred to him direct. For him, it only means one sympathetic speech the more, an additional message to Congress, the appointment of still another commission, the enrolling of more investigators and agents. That costs him little time or thought; so that he welcomes the thick-coming appeals to undertake one novel task after another, and impetuously calls upon Congress to hand out legislation while he waits. But this is not government; this is high spirits tinged with general benevolence, in a man who thinks it, not a "cursed spite," but a cause of pure happiness that he was born to set right the times out of joint. The net result, however, is precisely the same as if all this binding of burdens upon the general government had been done with malice aforethought, instead of in sheer insouciance.

The only recourse is to stimulate and develop local government. Accordingly, Mr. Root, whose speech a couple of years ago was thought to favor the

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idea of submerging the State governments in the national, put in an earnest plea for vivifying and extending the power of the State Legislatures, and for exalting home rule in every way possible. He avowed himself a convinced and unrepentant Hamiltonian, in the sense of believing in a strong national government, but is evidently fearful of the consequences of an unrestricted Hamiltonianism. He beholds with dismay the procession to Washington of men desiring Congress to attend to matters which village selectmen are competent to care for; and, evidently, if he could have his way, he would send all such persons home to work out their own salvation on the spot. At Washington, the President showers Congress with recommendations, but it, like the man in Anatole France's latest satire, who was buried under the valuable material which he had collected, is simply overwhelmed and does nothing. It is close observation of this spectacle that leads Mr. Root to issue his summons to this State, as well as others, to "exercise its powers."

Gov. Hughes cannot but regard as a blow the forced withdrawal of his nomination of Frederick A. Wallis as Superintendent of Insurance. The incident will be seized by all the small politicians of the State as proof that it is dangerous to make appointments without consulting the little tin gods of the machine. We shall hear again the familiar talk that the party leaders are really the only men who can exercise infallibly sound judgment in choosing persons of capacity. In fine, on the frail basis of a single conspicuous exception, there will be the usual attempt to erect a general rule. But if Mr. Wallis had been nominated on the recommendation of Herbert Parsons or T. L. Woodruff, no hostile inquiry would have been made into his record. The files of the Insurance Department would not have been combed to find matter that could be used against him. And if any outsider had attempted to impeach the fitness of the nominee, he would have been denounced as a "holier-than-thou" meddler. Of course, a different standard must be applied when it is a case of the Governor making his own selection. Reformers will not complain of this. They must be ready to have their acts searched as with a lighted candle. But it cannot be denied that the Governor acted in entire good faith, and that when he discovered his error in regard to Mr. Wallis he acted promptly and honestly. The position of Superintendent of Insurance is a most difficult one to fill. The Governor is absolutely right in feeling that the incumbent should be, if possible, an expert in this extremely complicated business. Yet the insurance expert can command a salary far greater than the State can offer him, and he may be unable to afford the sacrifice for the sake of serving the public. Then, too, the insurance business has been much demoralized by sharp practice, some of it within the letter of the law, some of it flatly illegal; and the older and more experienced agents are too often suspect. It may well be that under these circumstances the Governor will be compelled to rely simply on a man of high character and proved ability in other fields, and trust him to master the duties of a new office.

The Conference on Dependent Children, which met in Washington last week at the suggestion of President Roosevelt, is another of the praiseworthy undertakings to which he has lent the aid of his personal popularity and his office. In these social reforms he generally takes a keen interest, and he shows a chivalrous desire to help. This particular conference, composed as it was of 200 of the foremost workers of all faiths, who are devoting themselves to the care of destitute, orphaned, or delinquent children, reached the unanimous decision that the use of institutions for such children should continue only until homes may be obtained for them. Such a conclusion must carry great weight throughout the country. The conference decided, first of all, that children of parents of worthy character, suffering from temporary misfortune, should be kept in their homes, on the principle that a reasonably efficient family life is of greater value than the suppression of individuality and initiative by the routine and impersonal care of an institution; and that a little less cleanliness, together with the affection of a mother or of a good foster-mother, is vastly better than machine-like life of an asylum. The conference admitted, of course, that for certain classes of children there must still be institutions, but that where they exist they should be conducted on the cottage plan, after the manner, for instance, of the excellent New York Orphan Asylum at Hastings-on-Hudson. With that position every one must agree. The conference also recommended that the State inspect the work of all agencies which care for dependent children in any way, whether by means of private or public funds. This inspection should cover both the formal education of the children and the matter of physical welfare. Finally, the conference urged the close coöperation of all child-caring agencies, and the promotion of curative and preventive reforms. Since 52 per cent. of the dependent children in Troy, for example, are dependent because of the ravages of tuberculosis in that city, the reason for the last suggestion is obvious.

The latest "crisis" in the Balkans is to go the way of its numerous predecessors under benign pressure from the great Powers. Bulgaria is to be reasoned into discontinuing her warlike demonstrations, and the Porte is to be persuaded to accept monetary compensation for lost sovereignty. Servia and Montenegro are being made to understand that the Powers will not let their hands be forced. By its treatment of Greece, after its brief and disastrous war with Turkey in 1897, Europe showed that a little nation could not always plunge into a row and expect to be saved from all evil consequences by its big brothers. Consciousness of this fact must be present in the minds of Servian and Montenegrin statesmen. So far as the Powers themselves are concerned, the thought of war is unwelcome, not solely because of the terrific nature of a general European conflict. Even those people who have been predicting the inevitable approach of such a struggle—the war-mongers of Germany and England, for instance—would object to having the war forced upon them at a time and on a *terrain* not of their own choosing. German strategists engaged in ticketing every square mile of the North Sea and every rod of the English coast, or English naval lords, plotting as to the exact way in which the German fleet shall be destroyed off Kiel, would surely be vexed to have the fighting suddenly begin on the Rumelian border, or off Salonica.

CARNEGIE BRANCH
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OUR TRUSTEESHIP OF CUBA.

Americans may take solid satisfaction in reviewing their guardianship of the island of Cuba, which ended last week. By the early withdrawal of its troops and its military and civilian administrators, this country has again proved to the world the unselfishness of its efforts to establish in the island a government that is stable and independent. We found the Palma Republic in ruins in October, 1906; in 1909 we give back to the Cubans the control of their own affairs, with their governmental machinery considerably reorganized, with a new President, and practically a new Congress. As an additional security, some American troops are to remain near Havana until April 1; after that time the administration of President Gomez will stand alone. Thus under the direction of President Roosevelt the United States has kept its plighted faith in a way to make every one of its citizens proud.

We may be proud, too, of the work of the American military and civilian administrators, who have been unsparing in their efforts to recreate the government in twenty-seven months. Since the island was first turned over to us in 1899, we have learned much in the art of guiding Latin peoples, and the new knowledge has been put to good use. Many of the American officials have frankly regarded their task as hopeless because of the shortness of the time; but much has been attempted, such as the redrafting of the entire body of law, an undertaking which might well have extended through at least five years, with a subsequent period for observing the operation of the new statutes; for bestowing Anglo-Saxon laws upon a community accustomed only to a mixture of Roman law with Spanish and with American military decrees is an experiment new in colonial history. But the heads of departments have none the less given of their best, even when believing that they were asked to do the impossible. Men like Col. E. H. Crowder, Lieut.-Col. E. St. J. Greble, Col. William M. Black, Major J. D. Terrill, and Major J. R. Kean, who have respectively administered the Departments of State and Justice, of Government, of Public Works, the Treasury, and the Department of Sanitation, deserve public recognition for their fidelity to their arduous tasks.

The army of occupation commanded by Major-Gen. Thomas H. Barry has also merited high praise. The United States has probably never had in the field anywhere a better-trained or better-behaved body of men. Only a single grave crime has marred their extraordinary record. Everywhere, the soldiers have made friends and wiped out the memories of the excesses of the volunteer troops who overran Cuba in 1899. The health of Gen. Barry's army has not only reflected great credit upon his officers of the line and the Medical Corps, but it has proved that American soldiers can live in the tropics and work hard. The schooling of the troops has gone on vigorously, and the careful mapping of every foot of the island is, in itself, a valuable achievement. Gen. Barry has had every reason to tell his men, soldiers and marines, that they have lived up to our best traditions, and the President has officially extended his thanks.

It would, of course, be idle to deny that mistakes have been made. The general policy of the American Administration has too often smacked of compromise, of a desire to conciliate where a vigorous grappling with discordant elements would have been wiser. Thus the retention of one-third of the Congressmen on the insular payroll for doing nothing during the interregnum has seemed an injustice and a bad example to set to the community; again, Mr. Taft's inclusion within his amnesty proclamation of the men who killed the innocent rural guards at Guanabacoa, nearly a year before the revolution, was a tactical error, as was the payment of the insurgents for the horses they stole while "in the woods." But on these minor details we do not desire to dwell to-day. Moreover, it would be unjust to hold Mr. Magoon wholly responsible for the mistakes; Havana is too near Washington to make it always clear whether a given policy was Mr. Magoon's, or a superior's at the Federal Capital.

As to the island itself, time alone can tell whether the new administration is ready to stand on its own feet, or whether the Republic of Gomez will go the way of the Republic of Palma. There are disquieting signs, like the election of one of the reputed Guanabacoa assassins as the chief officer of the Senate, and of Orestes Ferrara, as President of the House—a man whom the Hague Conference would not accept as a delegate. But a land enslaved and degraded, deprived of all voice in its own affairs, corrupted by venal officials, cannot be expected in ten years or twenty to forget the lessons of long centuries of misgovernment.

HARRIMAN AS A POLITICAL PORTENT.

The election of E. H. Harriman to the directorate of the New York Central has been widely discussed as an important event in the world of finance. He has proved himself a railway operator of uncommon skill: under his management the properties of the Union Pacific, for example, have largely increased in value. It is not surprising, therefore, that in expectation of improvements to be made in the Central when he should be in control, the stock should, within a month, rise some 15 points. The patrons of the road are likely to secure better service; and in that respect his accession will be for the general benefit. But there is another side to the question. The Financial Supplement of the New York *Evening Post* on Saturday published a table showing the eleven systems in which Harriman, either directly or through coöperating capitalists, now has a dominating voice:

	Mileage.
Union Pacific	5,916
Southern Pacific	9,731
Illinois Central	4,378
New York Central	12,282
Atchison	9,350
St. Paul	8,687
Northwestern	7,623
Baltimore and Ohio	4,462
Delaware and Hudson	845
Georgia Central	1,914
Erie	2,571
Total	67,759

This means that Mr. Harriman now has in his grasp nearly one-third of the total railway mileage in the United States; and that third, embracing as it does such important interlacing trunk lines, implies a domain far wider than the bare figures would indicate.

But it is on the political rather than the financial aspect of these facts that we would dwell. The two phases of the subject are, indeed, inseparable. Mr. Harriman's ventures in the stock market with the $131,000,000 which he raised a year and a half ago through the use of Union Pacific's credit and surplus, not only demoralized the stock market, but extended his sway both as a

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railway proprietor and a politician. He has his creatures not only in Congress, but in the Legislatures of the many States through which his lines run. He is even reported to have owned Governors. Certainly, B. B. Odell, jr., was very friendly toward him. If any one wants an example of State political machines manipulated in the interests of a railway, one has only to go to California, where Harriman's Southern Pacific stretches its tentacles from the Oregon line to Mexico. There one will quickly discover that the objection to Harriman is not merely that he is unscrupulous. It is bad enough to have legislators and city officials, as well as newspapers, devoted to the interests of a man whose methods are sometimes those of a buccaneer. But were Mr. Harriman the Archangel Gabriel, were he the most benevolent despot alive, were the Southern Pacific simply a huge engine run for the sole purpose of benefiting the inhabitants of California, those unhappy people would still groan under the yoke and cry out in wrath for deliverance. The American people will not view with equanimity the centralization of such vast power in one person. They say, and say rightly, that it weakens, and ocasionally even destroys, representative government. It is not the voters; it is huge corporations that more than once have declared what the laws shall be and who shall execute them.

This is why it is inevitable that the unbridled greed of Harriman and his kind is sure to be made the excuse for renewed agitation against corporations. We have just passed through a panic, and from one end of the country to the other financiers have been imploring, "Let us alone!" Well, if letting alone results in one man's securing so many thousand miles of railway—the common carrier of America—the advocates of government regulation, and even ownership, will find weapons ready forged to their hands. In this State we now have Public Service Commissions, vested with unusual authority; and though Harriman and the newspaper organs of Wall Street speculators may rage, the tendency will be—if we may judge the future by the past—to strengthen rather than weaken these commissions. The example, too, is sure to be followed in our neighboring States. The subject is already up for discussion in New Jersey and Connecticut. There, as in New York, the corporation interests are offering a brute opposition, but that opposition is certain to be defeated as soon as ever the issue is fairly presented to the electorate. Furthermore, there has been a long campaign for amending the Sherman Anti-Trust law. The defects of that statute are patent; but we doubt whether, with the vision of Harriman bestriding this country like a colossus, Congress would dare run counter to popular opinion by passing any amendment that might seem to favor the corporations. If corporations are subject to what their managers call vexatious and unjust restrictions, it is largely because men like Jay Gould a generation ago and John D. Rockefeller and E. H. Harriman to-day are the embodiments of corporate activity.

And it is to be remembered also that much of this talk about vexatious and unjust restrictions is based on an assumption as to the doctrine of *laissez-faire* that is no longer tenable. We go as far as any one in urging that each man be allowed, within the bounds of honor, to manage his own business in his own way. We view with dread all laws that may tend to cripple industry or check initiative. But we cannot assent to the theory, sometimes openly proclaimed, often tacitly accepted by corporation managers, that a public service corporation, by its very nature a monopoly, is a private business; that any man can manage a railway or a gas company as if it were merely his personal property. The public interest there must be conserved by firm restriction upon rates to be charged, securities to be issued, and operations in finance. As John Morley points out in his last volume of "Critical Miscellanies":

> Where a whole class of men is permanently at a disadvantage in its bargains with another, then by strict Gladstonian principle the state has a right to intervene as arbitrator, provided that it can do so with sufficient equipment of knowledge and impartiality.

It is because we would have the state as arbitrator, acting through an Interstate Commerce Commission, a Federal Bureau of Corporations, or through State Public Service Commissions, play its part with intelligence and moderation and avoid such violent extremes as government ownership that we are profoundly disquieted by the performances of the men of whom Mr. Harriman is a type. They furnish the demagogue and the wild radical with inexhaustible ammunition; they rob the conservative of his strongest arguments.

UNREST AMONG BOSSES.

Magazine writers are analyzing "spiritual unrest"; other great minds are explaining "discontent" of various kinds, afflicting various classes; but no one has given due attention to a social and political phenomenon more significant than any of them. We mean boss unrest. The usual state of soul in a boss is one of blissful self-complacence. Such a thing as searchings of heart—we do not say conscience, for the practical man in politics is not fool enough to search for what does not exist—has been strange to him. But on a sudden we see his class falling into doubt, uneasiness, and dissatisfaction. All the well-known signs of unrest are, in fact, visible to-day among the small Republican bosses of New York State.

It is not necessary to take our word for this. One of the suffering body has himself gone into the witness-stand, or the confessional. William Barnes, jr., of Albany has been publicly diagnosing his own ailment, and that of his fellows. He admits a "chaotic condition" in local leadership, which is, he confesses, "thoughtless and wanting in initiative." The chief trouble with the bosses is, he concedes, that for some years they have been thinking of themselves only as divinely ordained "patronage brokers," and not at all "leaders of opinion." And Mr. Barnes would have us now believe that they are filled with contrition for their shortcomings, and are proposing to develop a true "capacity for leadership," together with "the requisite stamina to withstand alleged popular demand." This is interesting, but perhaps even more so is Mr. Barnes's explanation of the causes of the low estate to which the bosses have been brought in New York. He strikes his finger on the spot in this way:

> The real cause was that the astuteness and cleverness of Senator Platt furnished for many years the thinking machine for the up-State Republicans. Being so long accustomed to having political advice given to them by Senator Platt, they became dull and atrophied.

This testimony of an expert, however, we are unable to accept as conclusive. Platt and a "thinking machine" are contradictory terms—unless money thinks

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as well as talks. The power of Boss Platt was built up on a basis which was frankly mercenary. He took in the party funds, he paid them out by individual check, and that enabled him, as paymaster of the forces, to name and control members of the Legislature, hence to sell legislation, hence to force his creatures to vote into the United States Senate a man whom they despised—himself. This was the sole magic of Platt's power. He exercised it for some years through steady defeat. The party loathed him, but could not get rid of him, because he controlled its source of supplies, the campaign contributions. Then along came Bryan to make New York hopelessly Republican, and to deceive some into thinking that a vulgar and mercenary boss, of shocking morals, was really a shrewd political leader.

Pushing one side, therefore, Mr. Barnes's pathetic delusion that it is the disappearance of T. C. Platt which has disclosed the fact that his followers and understudies are men without force, grasp, or prescience, we must ask what is the true cause of the confusion and shame-facedness of the little bosses. The best answer is furnished in Gov. Hughes's speech in this city last Saturday night. Political conditions have arisen in which the bosses are not at all at home, and with which their old methods do not fit them to cope. A new spirit is astir. People are tired of political dictators, large or small. The voters have been fixing their eyes upon the exact facts, and they know that the Governor is right in declaring the delegate and convention system to be, in practice, a sham. It is not what it pretends to be. Instead of affording the party a means of expressing freely and accurately its wishes, it is, too often, the device by which it is bound and gagged and delivered into the hands of a selfish and dishonest clique. It is because the people have found out the fraud, and are determined to put something genuine in its place, that there is this great shaking of the dry bones going on. Ideas are taking possession of the popular mind. Gov. Hughes is but making himself their interpreter and enforcer. Now, nothing is so fatal to political bosses as ideas.

This is deliciously implied in the summons which Barnes issues to his partners in distress to muster up "the requisite stamina to withstand alleged popular demand." In the race-track agitation, last year, there was an idea—a moral idea—at work which Barnes valiantly withstood, but nevertheless it was strong enough to bowl him over. He also displayed splendid stamina, along with abundant stupidity, in opposing the renomination of Gov. Hughes, but then, too, down he went. Now he is starting out on another losing fight against an idea. That is the trouble with him, although he does not suspect it. All his vague discontent, his restless turning this way and that, and wondering what has become of his leadership, are merely symptoms that his disease is gaining upon him. Its cure is fresh-air treatment—that is, going out and getting into touch with the moral aspirations of the people. But, of course, that form of cure would be, to a boss, the same thing as suicide.

FILLING IN THE MAP.

Even so unmercenary a pursuit as geographical exploration does not escape the ineradicable taint of money-grubbing. Peary, before he sets out for the North, thinks it necessary to suggest how "useful" it would be finally to reach the Pole, or to hint at great savings to international shipping which might be effected by a definite examination into the antics of the magnetic pole. As a matter of fact, Peary knows, and those who are behind him know, that it is only the eternal lure of the hidden and the vague that draws men to the dreary regions of the Pole. Curiosity has been a sufficient reason for men's leaving home and kin and risking their lives in strange lands. It was primarily the desire to see that led on the Jew, Benjamin of Tudela, in the twelfth century, Marco Polo in the fourteenth, the great Portuguese and Spanish navigators in the fifteenth century, and their successors in turn down to the present day. How much of Columbus's interest in a shorter route to India and the conversion of its natives was fundamental, and how much was practical argument addressed to the cupidity of financial backers? He had the Unknown Sea to conquer, and he could think of any number of good business reasons why he should make the trial. And essentially the spirit of exploration is still the same. The zoölogist who goes to the Arctic with his knives and preserving fluids has little hope of bringing back a new breed of domestic animal for the use of man. He wants only to extend or rectify his lists of quite useless species and sub-species. In other words, he is curious.

For the curiosity of the professional explorer, the world, as the London *Times* notes in a recent article, still holds large stretches of unmapped ground. There is, of course, the classic North Polar region, where Peary is now busy, and whither Capt. Amundsen is planning to lead a six-year drifting expedition, largely on the lines of Nansen's famous undertaking. There is the vast Antarctic realm in the partial conquest of which Charcot's French expedition is engaged. In discussing this enterprise, Charles Rabot sums up the case in the Paris *Temps:*

> Imagine that in our own hemisphere our geographical knowledge were to stop at the White Sea, at the Siberian coastland, at Bering Strait, and the northern part of Hudson's Bay, and you will have an idea of the regions round the South Pole that still lie hidden from us.

Is not that answer enough as to the "use" of Antarctic exploration? The North and the South Pole are where man has still to draw the complete main outlines of his map. Elsewhere it is largely a matter of filling in—South America, which still holds two million square miles of unexplored territory; Arabia, with nearly half a million; Tibet, which Sven Hedin has not so thoroughly mapped but that there is plenty of work left for others; New Guinea, and Africa. Strange it is that the Dark Continent should come last, far from a dark continent now, and offering opportunity almost entirely for the detailed work of the scientific specialist.

How strong is the pull of the unknown in itself, is shown by the almost complete absence of what we may call the human element in modern exploration. It was not so much strange lands as strange beings that the early explorers went out for to see—foreign peoples, with their odd customs and costumes, their cities and temples, their politics and beliefs. The unknown that waits for the explorer of the present day is an unknown bereft of man. In the jungles of the Amazon, a few thousand aborigines may still be lingering; in the wilds of New Guinea we may come across some odd subdivisions of the Papuan stock; in the Sahara, there

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may be an uncharted oasis here and there. But for the most part, our *terra incognita* of the present day is also *terra inculta*, great sand wastes in Sahara, Gobi, and Arabia; rock wastes in the Tibetan highlands; and the dreary immensities of ice about the Pole, where life itself is inconceivable.

Yet a few years more, therefore, and the romance of exploration that comes from the discovery of new faces and new minds will be gone. No other explorer will have Sven Hedin's opportunity in Tibet, where it was given him to sketch and photograph the daily life of partly unknown races. But even here our ignorance was only partial. With the broad lines we were fairly familiar; and, naturally, there is a corresponding decrease of the charm that feeds on curiosity. Ethnologists no longer have in store for us thrilling tales about Melanesians who eat their own offspring, or Bornese headhunters who can count only up to three and dine on steaks sliced from a living enemy. Even if some new tribe be discovered that is addicted to such unpleasant habits, the tale has lost its novelty. Besides, what the modern museum expedition lays most emphasis on is the fact that the Mulahs are brachycephalous, that they have several complicated dance steps, and that they show strong linguistic connection with the neighboring dolichocephalous Taritari. Yet, we presume that, too, is filling up the map of human knowledge.

EARTHQUAKES THEN AND NOW.

The flood of comment on the earthquake at Messina continues; yet in all that is said there is—as in the case of San Francisco—but little serious moralizing. We have the conventional expressions of pity and horror, we have generous responses to appeals for help; but we view the event with a scientific detachment which would have been impossible a century ago. Few persons speak of the hand of God; many, of the inexorable laws of nature. The difference indicates, we think, a far-reaching change in our attitude toward the universe.

True, a writer to the London *Nation* asks: "Why this holocaust of human lives? . . . for what reason; to what end?" This importunate questioner adds:

> I have considered my faith in God to be impregnable, my chief possession in life. I have questioned nothing, doubted nothing, but now I feel the bonds of faith snapping, and I turn to the teachers of the Christian religion and implore them to give me an explanation. . . . My reason tells me that this waste of human life, this gigantic sacrifice, in an unspeakably cruel form, of hard working, innocent men, women, and little children is—unnecessary. I will leave aside the epithets of unjust, unmerciful, and simply say, unnecessary. What purpose had it all?

The letter called forth various answers, the tone of which is very significant. Of a dozen which are published, all but two or three point out that earthquakes are merely natural phenomena, and that man, if he is to escape destruction, must keep out of the path of nature's lethal forces. The following is a typical reply:

> The earth commenced its existence as a nebulous mass possessed of a vast store of heat. It has been slowly cooling down for untold ages. The solid crust which has thus slowly developed is thinner in some parts than in others. As the cooling process continues, the *shell*, at its weakest parts, warps a little. This phenomenon of nature is called earthquake. That is "Why?"
>
> "Why" your correspondent should now "feel the bonds of faith snapping" I am at a loss to understand. In my turn I ask, Why? Does your correspondent require Almighty God to regulate the forces of nature in the interests of puny mankind?

But this curt contempt for the believer in "special providences," who is unable to reconcile such a frightful catastrophe with the idea of an omnipotent and merciful God, could have found relatively little sympathy and support in the eighteenth century; for then the notion of divine interposition in human affairs was still widely prevalent. Indeed, the theory of immutable law had hardly begun to penetrate the common consciousness; few men of that age could look upon our solar system as a clock wound up once for all, to run throughout eternity. Cowper in his "Task" described the great Sicilian earthquake of 1783:

> Revelry, and dance, and show
> Suffer a syncope and solemn pause,
> While God performs upon the trembling stage
> Of His own works, His dreadful part alone.
> . . .
> His wrath is busy and His frown is fell.

More striking yet are the lines of the professed Deist, Voltaire, occasioned by the earthquake at Lisbon:

> Comment concevoir un Dieu, la bonté même,
> Qui prodigue ses biens à ses enfans qu'il aime,
> Et qui versa sur eux les maux à pleines mains?
> Quel œil peut pénétrer dans ses profonds desseins? . . .
> Il existe pourtant. O tristes vérités!
> O mélange étonnant de contrariétés!

This same shock at Lisbon had a profound influence on Goethe, then a lad of six. In "Dichtung und Wahrheit" he tells us how the mighty terror which then spread over the world "deeply disturbed the boy's peace of mind." Like the modern Christian whom we have quoted, he felt that his faith in the goodness of God had been undermined:

> God, the Creator and Preserver of Heaven and Earth, whom the explanation of the first article of the creed represented as so wise and benignant, had, by giving both the just and the unjust a prey to the same destruction, not manifested Himself, by any means, in a fatherly character.

To the young Goethe there seems not to have been offered the ready consolation—which appears so satisfying in 1909—that in the cooling process the thin shell of the earth warps a little, and that it is silly to imagine Almighty God regulating the forces of nature in the interests of puny mankind.

The man of strictly logical bent may further sustain himself with the argument that from the point of view of mere physical law, the disaster that sweeps away a hundred thousand human lives may have no more meaning than the fall of that single sparrow which the Heavenly Father used to note. And even those of us who regard man as of more value than many sparrows, must admit that the fatalities from earthquake and tempest are no more perplexing, as part of a divine and benevolent order, than the agonies of millions of mothers dying in childbirth, the slaying of countless hosts on countless fields of battle, and the tortures of flame-wrapped martyrs. But death's daily toll of youth and innocence as well as of age and sin finds our minds staled by custom; and so feeble are our imaginations that the slaughter of whole armies at distant times and places seems dim, unreal, and of little moment. We are scarcely stirred unless the event stares at us from the front page of to-day's paper, and unless travel or reading has made us fairly familiar with the scene.

But close as Messina is to us, detailed as is our knowledge of city and people, prompt as are our offers of aid, we seem unable to look at the happenings there as a tremendous moral lesson. Goethe tells us how the earthquake at Lisbon struck fear to the heart of the whole civilized world. "The religious

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were ready with reflections, the philosophic with grounds for consolation, and the clergy with warnings." From other sources also we know that this dreadful calamity was one of the stimulating causes of the Great Awakening. Men long dead in trespasses and sins began to reflect as never before on the meaning of life, here and hereafter. Can it be that the scientific spirit has robbed us of the old power to discern in the universe something beside the play of blind force on brute matter? Are we no longer plagued by misgivings as to the justice of the smoking sacrifice at Messina? This globe seems to have dwindled to a whirling clod of dirt in blank immensity. There are no vast unknown regions from which an angry God may launch his thunderbolts. The chemical constituents of land and water, of plant and animal, are analyzed, ticketed, and pigeon-holed; we think we know the exact laws by which they combine, disintegrate, and recombine in myriad forms. There seems to be nothing that can surprise, perplex, awe, or terrify us; nothing that can make our pulse check at a sudden vision of eternity and startle us out of our humdrum and sordid pursuits. We see in the present fleeting opportunity nothing immeasurably precious because within the hour the solid bases of the hills may heave like the sea and hurl us on "the black infinite ash-heap of the dead."

A GLANCE AT CURRENT AMERICAN FICTION.

Story-telling is now so important a matter to us, the art of fiction is so much a part of our daily talk and walk, that we may well take time to consider now and then what it is doing for us and what it is likely to do. We have ceased to look for the Great American Novel: the phrase suggests a kind of limitation. We produce, by all accounts, so many novels of eminence, that a distinction implying prëeminence must be regarded as invidious. This rather stiffens the problem for the busy reader who cannot give all his time to the masterpieces of the hour. He would really like to know what dozen or half-dozen among the novelists of the day are best worth following: to what writers he may look with cheerfulness, yet without fatuity, during the year or two to come?

In America the prospect is perhaps rather pleasing than imposing. Never, we are told, has there been so "high a level of workmanship"; never, certainly, have the workmen been more sedulous, more productive of fiction in bulk. The fact remains that we have nothing colossal to point to since the prodigy of "The Scarlet Letter." That was sufficiently American, one would think, in substance, as the best of our subsequent fiction has been. "Huckleberry Finn," "The Grandissimes," "Silas Lapham," "Daisy Miller," the short tales of Hamlin Garland and Miss Wilkins and Mrs. Deland—upon these exhibits we might well allow our case to rest. Taking them together, one must be struck with the geographical range of their Americanism. These writers are without exception still at work; but they may be taken to have made their distinctive contribution; no new thing has come from them of late, nor can it be expected in the future. Mark Twain's reputation is firmer than ever before; his academic honors have merely signalized the general consensus of his importance as a national figure. For a long time he was listened to with amusement not unmingled with consternation, as something odd and egregious; but he is now recognized as the bell-wether of a vast flock. His fun, his hyperbole, his imperturbability are, after all, mere Wellerism with a different accent: it is the magnanimity of the man, literary and other, which we have come to see; and, rightly or wrongly, we take that virtue to be a property of the best Americanism, as of the best cosmopolitanism. There has been some extravagance in recent estimates of him as a man of letters, but he is undoubtedly a greater power in the land than the other veterans we have named. Mr. Cable, while he has retained much of his old charm, has made distinct concessions of late to the demands of popular romance. Mr. Howells long ago gave up the propaganda of realism, and has been for some time rather the amiable and humorous commentator on life than its stern or literal delineator: it is clear that we shall have no more Laphams. Mr. James, with an enthusiasm as indefatigable as that of Mr. Pickwick on the ice, continues the refinement of his method—to the confusion of all but the adept. "Henry James's fiction," says one of that number, "is ultimate in its exposition of the possibilities of a high psychical entertainment." This, it appears, is the kind of entertainment which the future holds for lovers of fiction.

Certainly they might fare worse: but is the jig quite up with romance? It must be admitted that, while the popular romancers still command the ear of the general, their audience is brief. Masterpiece follows masterpiece, and at the end of the twelvemonth hardly an echo of them all lingers. Far and away the most popular American novel of the past season, the best-selling best-seller in the book-mart, was Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's "The Shuttle." It is a book of no moment whatever, from any reasonable point of view, and the busy reader need not trouble himself with its author in the future. Of her, as of Elizabeth Robins, Ellen Glasgow, John Fox, jr., Robert W. Chambers, and, alas, F. Marion Crawford, it need simply be recognized that they are popular and intend to remain popular. Winston Churchill, on the other hand, shows promise of pulling ahead of what we had come to regard as his class. He remains quite without distinction of manner, and has not even learned to be firm in his syntax. But persons who found in "Richard Carvel," "The Crisis," and the rest a pretentious crudeness of substance as well as of form, must have discerned in "Mr. Crewe's Career" a quality really distinguished and rare. The singular thing is that this quality should be so pure, in view of the tractarian character of the tale. Mr. Churchill's experience as a defeated reform candidate for political office in a State ridden by a great corporation would have supplied a petty person with a store of small flings and innuendoes—and little else. But Mr. Churchill has come out of it all in excellent spirits, and his novel is less a work of satire than of pure humor. He may yet be a person for the literary historian to reckon with. At all events, he promises better things than he has done, better things than he has ever promised before.

Meantime the cause of wholesome romance continues to be supported by Mr. Cable and Mrs. Deland. On the part of Mr. Cable, as we have said, there has been of late a leaning toward the incidental and spectacular. He seems to have said to himself, "Go to, I am a romancer: and if people want their romance spiced with adventure, with bloodshed even, they shall have it." So we find him considerably occupied, in "The Cavalier" and "Kincaid's Battery," with the purveying of incident and situation—or apparently occupied, for it is clear that old New Orleans has again laid its spell upon him from the first page, and it is the communication of that spell in which he really delights. So of Mrs. Deland's "Old Chester": she never seems to breathe quite freely away from it. We grudge her absence, her excursions into more commonplace fields of romance. And we wish she might confine herself to the simpler elements and the simpler methods of the earlier tales. Another Helena Ritchie we need not ardently desire.

A writer of the younger generation with a natural vein of romance is Robert Lovett. One suspects him to be a little fearful of it, a little smitten with the methods of the new "psychical" realism. A confusion of motives has been his undoing hitherto. He does not know when to have done, when to let well enough alone. For example, the first part of "The Winged Victory" is

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a well-nigh perfect thing in itself, a very beautiful idyl of youth which one is tempted to tear out its context and have bound by itself. For the ensuing parts have to do with undergraduate life in a Middle-Western coeducational university—a crude life which has the air of being reported verbatim; and with a studio life of which the writer has nothing new to delineate. No method of realism, plain or fancy, physical or psychical, is likely to serve Mr. Lovett as his really rare instinct for romantic interpretation may.

It is true that most of the names which range themselves in one's mind as of the best promise, as most to be looked to in the immediate future, refuse to connect themselves in any way with the idea of romance. These writers are concerned, they would tell us, with life as they find it, not as they fancy it, and chiefly with a life mental, psychic, or individual. Now a microscope is to be held up to nature, now a camera; never by any chance a Mirror of Shalott. The limitations of a talent so preoccupied are clearly seen in the work of Robert Herrick. In the first place, he asks us to be interested in perfectly commonplace persons, little individuals snapshot at random from the crowd, and set before us "enlarged." How much more do we know of his characters at the end than we knew at the beginning? At best they remind us of the people we meet every day, people with whom we have a bowing acquaintance, whose features may have interested us at first sight, but who seem thereafter to have no attributes of consequence beyond these same features. Mr. Herrick has, we understand, been accused of reproducing in the form of fiction actual persons and situations of his acquaintance. The charge is one that many novelists have had to face, but in this case it has an inherent probability beyond the common. And if his novels are lacking in dignity of characterization, they are also haphazard in construction, both episodical and diffuse. There is a profusion of materials, but too little command of them in the large. His stories continue, incident is added to incident, and speech to speech, but there is little natural development. For example, the opening chapter of "Together" is of marked interest. A study of American marriage, ventured with the reverence and high enthusiasm which mark those introductory paragraphs—what might it not amount to? But the thing, somehow, does not come off. Various subsidiary persons and episodes intervene; or, rather, there is such a reduplication of possible interests that in the end one is by way of becoming indifferent to the question of their relative value. And yet one cannot feel that Mr. Herrick is born a mere recorder of the casual fact. What we have to hope for from him is an increased power of elimination and of sublimation, fewer lifelike individuals and more speaking types, less of didacticism and more of free interpretation.

A less experienced writer has ventured with firmer step upon the very ground chosen by Mr. Herrick. "Neith Boyce" is interested in the same types of Americanism, or rather of human character as colored by the conditions of our American life; and in "The Bond" she has dealt successfully with the absorbing problem—the problem of marriage under the complicated condition of modern life—which "Together" seems, after all, to have done no more than successfully circumnavigate. And there is a restraint, a compactness, a saliency, in this study of a single striving and erring human pair which is lacking in Mr. Herrick's naturalistic panorama of matrimony. They are, to be sure, an exceptional pair, even in this day: their marriage is a disconcertingly modern "arrangement," yet a perfectly logical and by no means unparalleled application of current theory. The man is a painter, the woman a sculptor. They are drawn together by the old-fashioned emotion of love as well as by congeniality; but the marriage is based upon the explicit understanding that the individual life of neither is to be interfered with. The wife retains her "bachelor" quarters and studio, as the husband retains his. A flat, neutrally situate, is the common ground upon which the business of matrimony is to be somewhat parentheticallly conducted; children are not provided for in the scheme. But children occur, to appear at first as mere incidents, but later in their true light as symbols of the psychical process through which an inevitable fusion has taken place. And so, however strained at, the bond holds firm; their mutual love is real, if not heroic or exultant. They are not converted in the end to a different kind of pair, we leave them yet committed to the familiar and merely not hopeless task of mutual forbearance and affection. A serious study of such a theme, free from sensationalism as well as from sentimentalism, is an achievement of great merit in itself, and of still greater promise as the work of so young a writer as we take "Neith Boyce" to be.

Of Miss Sedgwick and Mrs. Wharton we, of course, expect much. Their methods have a common delicacy, due to common sources: without Bourget, without Mr. James, they could hardly be what they are. Yet we take it that finesse is really the breath of their nostrils, and not merely the trick of their pens; and it is, in the nature of the case, a feminine finesse. Miss Sedgwick is said to have a wider audience in England than at home; she has certainly not achieved such a degree of popularity as has been accorded to Mrs. Wharton. Yet they seem at a glance to be doing much the same kind of thing. Miss Sedgwick might almost have written "Madame de Treymes"; and Mrs. Wharton might almost have written "The Rescue." Their work has the episodical quality of its kind—little epic breadth, much elaboration of detail. We breathe a rarefied air: not for us the vulgar tumult of that life so eagerly depicted by our Fielding, our Dickens; we are as little exposed to "lowness" as in an eighteenth century comedy. A cosmopolitan suavity of manner, a Gallic grace of diction, are to be expected of such characters as occupy the foreground; persons like servants, tradesmen, poor relations, and others to be naturally held under suspicion of vulgarity, are strictly kept in the background, as they are said to be in polite life. Such being the specifications of personnel, we are confined pretty closely to the Atlantic seaboard, in so far as we insist upon being interested in life upon this side of the water at all. But London offers a better body of material and Paris a better still. There is, after all, something extraneous and exotic in the method of such writers. It represents a degree of sophistication, of civilization if you like, to which we have not yet attained, and to which it is hardly our dearest ambition to attain. Mrs. Wharton seems on the whole to be more closely confined to the situation, the episode, than Miss Sedgwick, so that her novels present the elongated situation, or the multiplied episode, rather than a fluid or cumulative narrative. Her latest long story contains the suggested material of at least three novels. But she has amazing cleverness: one has the feeling that if she were to addict herself altogether to the novel for awhile a larger power might develop than is likely to under the steady importuning of magazine editors for the commodity which everybody knows she can turn out. One is sorry to hear of her contracting for a series of "stories about men" in the near future for a well-known periodical. This method of subsidizing talent and bending it to an editorial notion is not a promising omen for our fiction.

The present worship of the short story may naturally lead to such arrangements. The market price of the commodity is so high as to be practically mandatory. And, indeed, however reluctant one may be to admit all that is claimed for the article itself on absolute grounds, there is no denying that it is our specialty. The short story is certainly not so new a thing as has been asserted, nor is it, perhaps, so great a thing; but we shall leave it better than we found it—almost as good, perhaps, as it can be made. Mrs. Wharton is, thus far, at her best in the tale, and so are most of her contemporaries. So are Joseph Conrad, Mrs. Wilkins Freeman, H. M. Rideout, Miss Alice

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Brown, "O. Henry," F. J. Stimson. So, we should say, is Hamlin Garland, if he did not seem to have slipped already into the past. "Main-Travelled Roads" was and remains the most powerful collection of short stories dealing with American provincial life. Mr. Stimson's "Jethro Bacon," Mr. Rideout's "Wild Justice," and several of the earlier tales of Miss Wilkins, are, taken by themselves, as effective in the same field. Miss Wilkins's experiments in extended narrative have lacked the peculiar excellence of her short stories; and some of her recent excursions in the direction of romance have approached the ludicrous. Her command of New England rustic life and character is as assured as ever, and we need only wish of her a renewed fidelity to the theme and mode of her early choice. Miss Alice Brown is another painter of New England genre, to whom we must continue to look: she sees her country folk through other-colored glasses than those of Mrs. Freeman, but with equal sympathy and candor. And with her again the short story form seems to be the natural medium. Short-story writers of a younger generation abound: whether creators or created of the popular magazines, it would be hard to say. Perhaps the most brilliant and versatile of them is "O. Henry"; but many of them are brilliant and most of them are versatile. It is hard to guess which of them will improvise best in the near future, or what their improvisation will be seen to amount to in the long run.

H. W. Boynton.

CANADIAN LITERATURE IN 1908.

Ottawa, January 25.

The last year has been notable for the number of important publications bearing upon the history of Canada. In several respects first place must be given to Miss Agnes Laut's "Conquest of the Great Northwest" (Outing Publishing Co.). This is, as the sub-title says, the "Story of the Adventurers of England Known as the Hudson's Bay Company." The two previous histories of the company—Dr. Bryce's "Remarkable History of the Hudson's Bay Company" and Beckles Willson's "Great Company"—being notoriously inaccurate, Miss Laut's book will be the more welcome. Miss Laut found the bulk of her material in Hudson's Bay House, London, and in the Public Record Office. From the former she secured many important documents, the very existence of which was hitherto unknown, such as the Journals of Peter Skene Ogden and the Letters of Colin Robertson; from the latter a great deal of entirely new material bearing upon the voyages and character of Radisson, d'Iberville's exploits in the Bay, etc. Covering to a large extent the same field, but from a different point of view, is L. J. Burpee's "Search for the Western Sea" (New York: Appleton & Co.), a history of the exploration of Northwestern America. The course of exploration is traced through Hudson Bay and inland to Lake Winnipeg, on the one hand, and, on the other, from Lake Superior westward, the united streams of exploration culminating in the famous overland expedition of Alexander Mackenzie. Two volumes that are admirable examples of scholarship combined with readability are Prof. C. W. Colby's "Canadian Types of the Old Régime, 1608-1698" (New York: Henry Holt & Co.), and Prof. George M. Wrong's "A Canadian Manor and Its Seigneurs" (New York: The Macmillan Co.). Time was, and it is not so very long ago, when a Canadian professor of history would have scorned to waste his valuable hours on Canadian history. Here, however, we have two books on purely Canadian themes, by the professors of history in two great Canadian universities. In the former book, Professor Colby discusses various aspects of French colonization in the New World from a novel point of view; in the latter Professor Wrong tells the romantic story of the old Seigneury of Murray Bay, as gleaned from letters and papers found in an attic room of the Manor House. A. G. Bradley's "The Making of Canada" (New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.) seems to be part of a series of histories of Canadian periods, of which his "Fight with France for North America" is an earlier, and his "Canada in the Twentieth Century" a later, link. The period here covered is that immediately following that of the "Fight with France for North America"—the half-century to and including the War of 1812-14. Though the book contains nothing new, nothing, in fact, which has not been more fully dealt with in such books as Smith's "Struggle for the Fourteenth Colony," Scott's "Simcoe," Mr. Bradley's own work on "Dorchester," and Lucas's "Canadian War of 1812," it fulfils very satisfactorily the author's intention "to depict the most vital and most interesting period of Canadian history within a compass that is neither sketchy on the one hand nor monumental on the other." The year has also been marked by the practical completion of an ambitious, and on the whole creditable, Canadian series, The Makers of Canada (Toronto: Morang). Four volumes were published in 1908: George R. Parkin's "Sir John Macdonald," Adam Shortt's "Lord Sydenham," R. H. Coats and R. E. Gosnell's "Sir James Douglas," and Charles Lindsey's "William Lyon Mackenzie." The latter is a reprint of an earlier edition, with a considerable amount of additional material by the author's son, G. G. S. Lindsey. The four are of unequal merit, Dr. Parkin's "Macdonald" and Professor Shortt's "Sydenham" being decidedly superior to the other two. A supplementary volume, now in preparation by L. J. Burpee, will contain a complete analytical index to the series of twenty volumes, a critical bibliography of the several periods of Canadian history, and a collection of brief descriptive and biographical notes covering many topics and lives omitted from the series. All this material will be in one alphabetical arrangement, and will be followed by a series of historical maps and plans.

During the year, the Second and Third of the Publications of the Champlain Society appeared. The former is Nicolas Denys's "Description and Natural History of the Coasts of North America (Acadia)," translated and edited, with a memoir of the author, collateral documents, and a reprint of the original, by Prof. William F. Ganong, of Smith College (see the *Nation* of November 12, 1908, p. 467); the latter is "Documents Relating to the Seigniorial Tenure in Canada, 1598-1854," edited, with an historical introduction and explanatory notes, by Prof. W. B. Munro, of Harvard. Apart altogether from the advantages to students of having an authoritative translation of Denys's peculiarly difficult and inaccessible text, and a serviceable collection of the more important documentary material, bearing on the seigniorial tenure in Canada, these publications will be found valuable for the sake of the full and scholarly historical introductions with which each is equipped. The current volume of the Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada contains a number of important papers of an historical nature, in both the French and the English sections. Of these, probably Dr. J. Edmond Roy's "Essai sur Charlevoix"—the first instalment of an exhaustive study of the father of Canadian history—is of the greatest value. Benjamin Sulte brings together a quantity of scattered and hitherto inaccessible material bearing on Étienne Brulé and his explorations; Col. E. A. Cruickshank discusses Hull's Invasion of Canada in 1812; Archbishop Howley throws new light on the Labrador Boundary Question—a matter of local interest to Canada and Newfoundland; James H. Coyne edits the Talbot Papers, with their interesting bearing on the early history of Ontario; and Mr. Burpee edits the Journal of Anthony Hendry, of the Hudson's Bay Company—a narrative of the earliest visit of a white man to the Blackfeet. While no publication has come from the Canadian Archives in 1908, a great deal of highly useful work was accomplished—some of the results of which will appear during the current year. These will probably include a second instalment of Professor Shortt's "Documents Relating to the Constitutional History of Canada," and the first of the Archives Bulletins, containing

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three journals, edited by L. J. Burpee—La Rocque's Journey to the Yellowstone, Murray's Yukon Journal, and McDonell's Journey to the Qu'Appelle. A summary of the work of the Archives, present and prospective, will be found in an article on "Coöperation in Historical Research," in the October number of the *University Magazine* (Montreal).

It may not be inappropriate to mention here a book by the Dominion Archivist, Dr. Arthur G. Doughty—"The Cradle of New France" (Montreal: Cambridge Corporation). This is a popular history of Quebec, prepared in connection with the Tercentenary. It is unnecessary to say that, while the story is condensed into some three hundred pages, and is intended for the average reader rather than the scholar, it has none of the faults of most popular histories. The Quebec celebration is also more or less responsible for F. B. Tracy's "Tercentenary History of Canada," in three volumes (New York: The Macmillan Co.); for a couple of small volumes by Dr. J. M. Harper of Quebec, "The Earliest Beginnings of Canada" and "Champlain, a Drama"; for a new edition of William Kirby's "Golden Dog," and for a grist of more or less important articles in Canadian, English, and American magazines. A few other publications of an historical nature may be briefly mentioned. John S. Ewart's "Kingdom of Canada" (Toronto: Morang) is a collection of lectures and essays bearing upon Canada's status in the British Empire and her international relations (see the *Nation* of September 17, 1908, p. 262); W. B. Tucker's "Camden Colony" (Montreal: Lovell) is an interesting contribution to the romantic story of the United Empire Loyalists; "Through the Mackenzie Basin," by Charles Mair and R. MacFarlane (Briggs), contains a narrative of the Athabaska and Peace River expedition of 1899, with a number of valuable notes on the mammals and birds of Northern Canada; J. W. Tyrrell's "Across the Sub-Arctics of Canada" (Briggs) is a new edition of an old book, with additional chapters on Hudson Bay as a sea route to Europe, and upon musk-ox hunting; and in "The Story of Old Kingston" (Musson) Miss Agnes M. Machar tells the romantic story of one of the oldest of Canadian towns. One may also mention here the appearance of a new edition of a very useful Canadian book of reference—"Lovell's Gazetteer of the Dominion of Canada" (Montreal: Lovell), edited with an introduction by G. Mercer Adam.

The imaginative side of Canadian literature has been rather neglected in 1908. In poetry, there is not much of importance to record beyond Dr. Wilfred Campbell's volume of "Poetical Tragedies" (Briggs). Two of these plays, "Mordred" and "Hildebrande," were published in a small volume in 1893; of the other two, "Daulac" tells the dramatic story of the heroic young Canadian who, with his handful of followers, held back a horde of Iroquois at the Long Sault; and "Morning" is a purely imaginative piece of work. In "The Great Fight" (G. P. Putnam's Sons), Mrs. Drummond has brought together a few of the hitherto unpublished poems of the late Dr. W. H. Drummond, with several brief prose sketches, interesting as revealing the unsuspected powers of the "Poet of the Habitant," in a different medium. During the year, Canada lost the two leading imaginative writers of Quebec—the veteran poet, Louis Fréchette, and the young lyrist, Émile Nelligan. Among several of the more recent writers of Canadian verse, one at least must be mentioned, because of the promise of her occasional poems in the periodicals—Miss Marjory Pickthall. Her "Evening" in the *University Magazine*, reveals the character and quality of her verse. In fiction, by Canadians, one may barely name Mrs. Everard Cotes's "Cousin Cinderella" (see the *Nation* of October, 1898, p. 415); Miss L. M. Montgomery's "Anne of Green Gables"; Charles G. D. Roberts's "House in the Water" (see the *Nation* of August 27, 1908, p. 187); Theodore Roberts's "Brothers of Peril"; W. D. Lighthall's "The Master of Life" (a strong historical romance); and Nellie L. McClung's "Sowing Seeds in Danny." Without attempting to give even the briefest summary of their valuable contents, mention must be made here of two recent works by Prof. John Watson, of Queen's University, "The Philosophy of Kant Explained," and also "The Philosophical Basis of Religion" (see the *Nation* of August 6, 1908, p. 117).

Of French-Canadian publications in book form, the more important are A. G. Morice's "Dictionnaire historique des canadiens et des métis français de l'ouest" (Kamloops, B. C.: published by the author); F. J. Robidoux's "Conventions nationales des acadiens" (*Moniteur Acadien*); F. L. Desaulniers's "Les Vieilles Familles d'Yamachiche" (Montreal: Pigeon); Abbé Henri Cimon's "Aux Vieux Pays" (Chicoutimi: Delisle); Eug. Rouillard's "La Côte nord du St. Laurent et le Labrador canadien" (Quebec: Laflamme); and Abbé Camille Roy's "Essais sur la littérature canadienne" (Quebec: Garneau).

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Several items of Americana are included in the library of Lord Polwarth, which is to be sold by Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, London, on February 15 and 16. The most interesting is a perfect copy, with the frontispiece and map, of "The Discovery of New Brittaine," by Edward Bland and others, London, 1651. The only copy offered at public sale in recent years is Barlow's, which brought $135 in 1890. That is probably the same copy that, after having been in the libraries of Charles H. Kalbfleisch and Marshall C. Lefferts, is now in the E. D. Church collection. It contains the curious frontispiece showing "Indian Wheat" and "An Indian Jay," but does not contain any map. The map, noted by Sabin, seems to be the identical map issued with the third edition of Edward Williams's "Virginia Richly and Truly Valued," also published in 1651, and it may have been inserted in a few copies of "The Discovery of New Brittaine." The John Carter Brown Library copy lacks the leaf of dedication, as well as the frontispiece and map. Among other books included in this sale are: The "Æneidos," Caxton's translation, 1490, an imperfect copy (78 leaves out of 84); Higden's "Polychronicon," Southwarke, Peter Treveris, 1527; Gower's "Confessio Amantis," Berthelette, 1532; Sir Thomas More's "Woorkes" (1557); and a very extensive and interesting collection of English pamphlets, several thousand in number, sold as 120 lots.

On February 10 and 11, C. F. Libbie & Co. of Boston sell an unusual collection of session laws, statutes, codes, etc., 1,609 lots, relating to fifty-two States, Territories, and Indian nations. A few eighteenth century imprints are included. On February 16, 17, 18, and 19 the same firm sells the genealogical library of the late Samuel S. Purple, the most extensive collection of this kind ever offered for sale at auction. Dr. Purple began collecting books on American genealogy as far back as 1850. His copy of the "Genealogy of the Family of Mr. Samuel Stebbins," Hartford, 1771, the first Amercan genealogy to be printed in separate form, lacks several leaves, but the pamphlet is practically unprocurable in any condition. Of the total 2,807 lots, 235 are manuscript genealogies and pedigrees, many of them made for Dr. Purple. Sets of the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register* the *New York Genealogical and Biographical Record*, the *Magazine of American History*, and other periodicals are included.

Arthur Sjögren's papers on printers' marks ("Boktryckare- och föläggaremärken under 1400-talet"), which appeared in *Nordisk Boktryckavekonst* during 1907 and 1908, have been issued in a handsome edition of 100 copies at the remarkably low price of 10 kronor. Some fresh material has been added. While containing little that is new, the volume is interesting as the first on this subject in Swedish.

Correspondence.

BOOKS IN COLONIAL VIRGINIA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The recent discussion in the *Nation* in regard to the earliest appearance of copies of Milton in Massachusetts, and, incidentally, in the other colonies, has suggested the idea that it might be of interest to carry the investigation farther and make a more general survey. It should be re-

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membered, however, that the information which remains in Virginia (and no doubt the same is the case elsewhere in the United States) is far from comprehensive. The inventories, which are the main reliance, in a majority of cases where books are mentioned, only say "books," "a parcel of books," or "a library of books." In numerous instances where references to such inventories have been published, the persons who made the notes have not had time to copy titles, where they have been given; but only to count them. The entire or partial destruction of the records of a number of the older Virginia counties has also deprived us of much data.

I have not included Greek and Latin books which appear to have been quite numerous in all of the colonies from an early date. The following list is compiled from the *William and Mary Quarterly*, the *Virginia Magazine of History and Biography*, and some manuscript inventories in the collection of the Virginia Historical Society:

Ben Jonson's "Remains," 1667.
Donne's Poems, 1667.
"Astrea" (French), 1667.
Prynne Against Prelacy, 1667.
Selden's "Titles of Honor," 1667.
Bacon's "Natural History," 1690.
Baxter's "Saints Rest," 1690.
Homer's Iliad (in English), 1690.
Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity," 1701.
Fuller's "Worthies," 1701.
Sir William Davenant's Works, 1701.
Camden's "Britannia," 1701.
Taylor's "Holy Living and Holy Dying," 1701.
Waller's Poems, 1701.
Howell's "Letters," 1701.
Herbert's "Divine Poems," 1701.
Sandys's "Travels," 1701.
"Hudibras," 1701.
Quarles's "Divine Poems," 1701.
"Don Quixote," 1701.
Montaigne, 1701.
Gower's "Confessio Amantis," 1701.
"Pilgrim's Progress," 1710.
"Orlando Furioso," 1715.
Hobbes's Works, 1715.
Raleigh's "History of the World," 1715.
Chaucer, 1716.
Cowley, 1716.
Drayton, 1716.
Erasmus (in English), 1716.
Bacon's "Essays," 1716.
Milton's "Paradise Lost," 1716.
Shakespeare, 1719.
Locke "On the Human Understanding," 1719.
Machiavelli, 1722.
Clarendon's "History," 1722.
Evelyn's "Sylva," 1722.
Burnet's "History of Own Times" and "Reformation," 1722.
Pascal's "Thoughts," 1722.
Locke's Works, 1734.
Temple's Works, 1734.
Shaftesbury's "Characters," [*sic*] 1734.
Spectator, 1734.
Tatler, 1734.
Pope's Homer, 1734.
More's "Utopia," 1734.
Guardian, 1751.
Addison's Works, 1751.
Pope's Works, 1751.
"Robinson Crusoe," 1751.
"Tale of a Tub," 1751.
Dryden's Satires, 1751.
Congreve, 1755.
Farquhar, 1755.
Pope's Odyssey, 1760.
Swift's Miscellanies, 1760.
Pryor's Poems, 1760.
Bolingbroke on History, 1760.
Jonson's Plays, 1760.

W. G. STANARD.

Virginia Historical Society, Richmond, Va., January 21.

FACTS AND FIGURES FROM SHAKESPEARE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My attention has only just been drawn to Dr. W. J. Rolfe's interesting letter in your issue of December 10 last under this heading. Mr. Rolfe quite justifiably draws attention to some inaccuracies regarding the numerical length of Shakespeare's plays, which figured in the original edition of my "Life of Shakespeare" (first published in 1898). But I should like him and others to know that all save one of the errors to which he now draws attention stand corrected in the second edition of my "Life of Shakespeare," which was published in London in 1899. In the various English reissues of my work since that year, my statistical information corresponds except in one point, with Mr. Rolfe's "facts and figures." It is a matter of deep regret to me that the publisher of my book in America has omitted in successive reprints up to this date to incorporate any of the corrections which I duly forwarded to him. As a consequence I have from time to time, as on this occasion, been esteemed in America to be oblivious of misconceptions and misstatements which I have as a matter of fact long since acknowledged and set right. I am glad to be able to add that my American publisher has now promised to issue a revised edition of my work, which will incorporate all the corrections and new information accumulated by me during the past eleven years. I think that Mr. Rolfe will find in the revised American edition no discrepancy between his "facts and figures" and my own.

SIDNEY LEE.

London, January 20.

POE'S DEFINITION OF POETRY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: J. M. Robertson, in his "New Essays Toward a Critical Method" (p. 84, note), says:

It is remarkable that no one has ever pointed out that Poe's excellent definition of poetry, "the rhythmical creation of beauty," is a condensation of a sentence by (of all men) Griswold.

The authority for this statement is not clear, the facts being apparently as follows: Griswold, in the preface to his "Poets and Poetry of America" (1842), has the following: "The creation of beauty, the manifestation of the real by the ideal, 'in words that move in metrical array,' is poetry." This preface is dated "Philadelphia, March, 1842." In the same month, if not earlier, Poe was writing the review of Longfellow's "Ballads" in which his famous definition first occurs—since this review appeared in *Graham's Magazine* for April, 1842. Griswold, then, may have slight priority; but considering the dates is it safe to assert that Poe was indebted to Griswold?

There is, however, further evidence bearing on the point. Poe wrote at least three reviews of Griswold's "Poets," besides lecturing in Philadelphia on the same subject. In the second of these, which appeared in the Boston *Miscellany*, November, 1842, he quotes the sentence from Griswold's preface given above, "because," he says, "it embodies the *sole true* definition of what has been a thousand times erroneously defined." This perhaps looks as if Poe were giving Griswold credit for the definition. In a third review, however, published anonymously in the Philadelphia *Saturday Museum*, 1843, he says, after quoting the same sentence:

Now what is this but a direct amplification by our poet [Griswold] of the definition of poetry—"*the rhythmical creation of beauty*"—which appeared in Mr. Poe's *critique* of Professor Longfellow's ballads, from which *we* know and *he* knows he stole it?

Would Poe make this charge so explicitly and directly without warrant? Is it possible that Griswold stole from Poe, instead of *vice versa*? Is it possible, for example, that Griswold, who succeeded Poe as editor of *Graham's* (in April, 1842, as the date is usually given), had access to the manuscript of Poe's review of Longfellow as early as March, 1842, when he was writing his own preface? Or is there any other explanation of the similarity? Some of your readers may be able to clarify this matter.

F. C. PRESCOTT.

Ithaca, N. Y., January 28.

SCHURZ'S "REMINISCENCES."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The appreciative reviewer of the third volume of Carl Schurz's "Reminiscences" (*Nation* of January 21), in transcribing the sub-title, accidentally makes it appear that the supplementary sketch of Mr. Schurz's public career covers only the years from 1869 to 1896, instead of to 1906. It would be a pity to leave the reader of the review with the impresson that the last decade of Mr. Schurz's life had been ignored. During this decade he again and again gave illustrations of his best qualities as orator, writer, and publicist. Yet the limitations of space positively forbade that more than a chapter, mainly about him as an anti-Imperialist, should be given to these years. Here, as elsewhere, all but a few of the most interesting personal details and documentary citations had to be excluded, not from lack of material, but from lack of room.

FREDERIC BANCROFT.

Washington, D. C., January 25.

"LOVE'S OMNIPRESENCE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The letter of Mr. Gamaliel Bradford, jr., in the *Nation* of January 14, with its allusion to the sonnet, "Love's Omnipresence," credited to Joshua Sylvester, moves me to inquire upon what authority anterior to Palgrave's, if any, the credit is given.

In the volume of selections from Sylvester, prepared by myself, and published last fall, I should have liked to include the sonnet in question, but did not feel justified in so doing, because I was unable to find it in any edition of Sylvester's collected writings, and further, because it had a more artistic finish than any other of the love sonnets of that poet. If I can make it appear to myself that I was mistaken, by finding that the verses were attributed to Sylvester before the beginning of the eighteenth century, I shall be greatly pleased. The sturdy old Puritan has been a victim of unreasonable prejudice for so long a time that I rejoice in whatever tends to his good repute; but I don't

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believe that he himself would desire to obtain honors not actually his due.

THERON WILBER HAIGHT.

Waukesha, Wis., January 25.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am sorry that I cannot answer Mr. Haight's question. I confess that in attributing the sonnet to Sylvester I went no further back than the "Golden Treasury."

Now that the subject has come up again, may I quote Shelley's version of the Plato epigram, which I have long looked for, and at last found introduced into the concluding stanza of Canto ix of "The Revolt of Islam"?

"Fair star of life and love," I cried, "my soul's delight,
Why lookest thou on the crystalline skies?
O that my spirit were yon Heaven of night,
Which gazes on thee with its thousand eyes!"

GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

Wellesley Hills, Mass., January 28.

A PROPOSED PLAN OF COLLEGE ENTRANCE EXAMINATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The problem of college preparation has been much simplified since the formation of the College Entrance Examination Board, with the consequent tendency toward a real uniformity in requirements. But these examinations have one great disadvantage, namely, that they are subdivided to such an extent that a student may find himself obliged to take, for example, six or seven separate examinations in Latin, as Prof. W. T. Foster of Bowdoin pointed out in the *Nation* of December 17, 1908. This multiplication seems caused by the effort to discover both the amount and the quality of work done by the student. The alternative plan of admitting on certificate and without examination students from approved schools carries with it its own well-known evils. A third possible plan, followed by a few colleges, of admitting on examinations set as tests of the quality of work done with no attempt to determine the amount (for example, sight translation only as the language requirement) has also disadvantages that I shall point out later. A combination of these plans would, it seems to me, be both practicable and efficacious. Under this plan the college would require (1) a definite statement from the preparatory school as to the amount of work; (2) an examination to test the quality. Both the statement of the school and the result of the examination would thus be considered in admitting students. This plan would have certain considerable advantages for the college, the school, and the student.

The colleges that now admit without examination, on certificate, are always in danger of accepting ill-prepared students. Under the scheme proposed, such students would show in examination their unfitness, and would be excluded. The colleges that now make their examinations a test of quality of work, with little regard to amount, would no longer run the risk of admitting superficial students who manage to "bluff" their way through. Most American colleges attempt to avoid the evils of both systems by giving examinations to test both quality and amount of work. But the evidence as to amount thus obtained is not so trustworthy as a detailed statement from the school; nor is the test of quality so searching as an examination on quality only would be.

The advantages to the preparatory schools are no less marked. The preparatory school would have an authoritative word as to the admission of students, without taking the undue responsibility that it now really assumes in issuing the certificate. Moreover, in preparing students, the school would be able better to fit them for college work, without sacrificing interest to the necessity of reviewing over-minutely in the last years the whole requirement for admission.

The student, instead of entering solely on the statement of his school, with consequent uncertainty as to his fitness for college work, would enter with the consciousness of having had his work thoroughly tested. On the other hand, as compared with the student now attempting to gain admission through examination only, the student entering under the plan proposed would approach his examinations with comparative freedom from uneasiness, knowing that his work in the four or five school years would be duly considered, and that he would not be denied admission on the unsupported testimony of a few days of hasty writing. He would also be spared the great number of examinations, as explained above.

Of greater importance than anything else would be the coöperation between college and school, the placing on the college of the responsibility for admitting students, and on the school of the responsibility for preparing them not merely to pass entrance examinations, but to pursue freshman studies.

Toward this desired end we have already taken a decided step in the formation and the successful operation of the College Entrance Examination Board—proof that we have the necessary machinery for making the readjustments suggested.

ELIZABETH FORREST JOHNSON.

Bryn Mawr, Pa., January 22.

A JUDICIAL EXCRESCENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In view of the recent Hains trial, and of the many other exhibitions of similar character which have been witnessed throughout the country in late years, is it not about time that we abandoned the practice of temporarily delegating sovereign power for certain purposes to a miscellaneous collection of twelve men who happen to be gathered together in a jury box? The practice is indefensible from any standpoint. It is not legally recognized; and, though a conspicuous reality in fact, in theory it has no existence. The theory is that the sole function of the jury is to determine the facts, and that it belongs exclusively to the court to determine the law and apply it to the facts found by the jury. The practical application of this theory is a task of considerable difficulty, but it is accomplished fairly well in civil cases, where the court exercises a supervisory control over the action of the jury through its power to direct or set aside verdicts. But in criminal cases it is not so. There the theory breaks down through the operation of the principle of criminal jurisprudence that the accused shall not be twice placed in jeopardy for the same offence—"jeopardy" in this connection being held to mean "the situation of a prisoner when placed on trial before a jury duly sworn and empanelled, and charged with his deliverance." This principle effectually cuts off the power of supervisory control which the court exercises in civil cases, and thereby renders the action of the jury final and irretrievable, where the verdict is in favor of the accused. The result is that, in such cases, the jury may render a verdict that involves impossible findings—for example, a finding that white is black, or that two and two make seventeen—and there is no power of correction. Here, instead of the court's applying the law to the facts as found by the jury, the jury are told what the law is, and are then virtually left to make the application for themselves, free from all power of correction. In this way the jury are for that particular case temporarily vested with what is practically sovereign power. Possessed thus of this accidentally acquired power, the jury may if they choose give arbitrary acquittal of the most heinous crimes in defiance of the plainest principles of law and the most conclusive proofs of guilt.

That such power cannot safely be entrusted to the average jury is abundantly proved by the many flagrant miscarriages of justice which we constantly see resulting from it. Examples of national prominence are plentiful, but they are only typical of a great number less prominent, but no less flagrant. For example, last year in this city a man sought out his wife, whom he had mistreated and from whom he was separated, and on her refusal to return and live with him, promptly drew a revolver and did his utmost to kill her, firing a number of shots and wounding her seriously, but not fatally. He was tried for assault with intent to kill. There was the usual defence of emotional insanity, and the usual attempt to blacken the woman's character. After a long drawn out trial the jury returned the incomprehensible and utterly preposterous verdict, "Guilty of simple assault"—a verdict which necessarily involved the absurd finding that the accused was sane enough to be guilty of simple assault, but not sane enough to be guilty of assault with intent to kill or to do great bodily harm. The judge was furious. He scored the jury roundly and dismissed them from further attendance as unfit for jury duty, but beyond this he was powerless. The utmost penalty prescribed for the small misdemeanor of which the defendant was convicted was a brief imprisonment, so that the net result of the trial was that the defendant had a few days in jail for rest and recuperation, after which he was free to resume the practice of wife-shooting whenever so inclined. Some light was thrown on the mental processes by which this verdict was reached by a remark afterwards made by one of the jurymen giving as a reason for voting as he did, that he did not like the way in which the assistant prosecuting attorney treated the defendant's attorney. With this remark as a starting point, one may imagine the great variety of influences which contributed to the rendition of this marvellous verdict.

In many cases of verdicts of acquittal it is quite evident that the jury have reached that result not by finding the facts and applying the law to them, but through the in-

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fluence of sympathy—thus in a manner usurping and exercising that branch of sovereignty which is known as the pardoning power. The fact that the jury may be thus influenced is often the chief reliance of criminal practitioners. To induce the jury to usurp and exercise this power in violation of their sworn duty is the sole purpose of the many sensational appeals that are constantly being made to sympathy and prejudice. And it is precisely in this vulnerable point in our jury system that the insidious and anarchistic lie that is partly concealed in that highly mischievous phrase "the unwritten law" has found its most effective lodgment. There is no doubt that by the frequent repetition of this phrase both orally and in the newspapers jurymen have been led innocently to believe in a vague way that besides the law given them by the court there is another and higher law which excuses the criminal act and authorizes them to disregard the law of the land and follow instead the dictates of their own feelings.

The blame for these miscarriages of justice is usually laid upon the jurymen; but this is frequently to follow one injustice by another. While the jurymen may not be altogether blameless, the chief blame rests not upon them, but upon ourselves, who complacently tolerate and perpetuate this defective system—a system which imposes difficult and highly important duties upon untrained men not fitted for their task, and at the same time further enhances their difficulties by leaving them exposed to insidious and powerful influences which they are unable fully to comprehend or resist.

In justice to those who are compelled to do jury duty as well as to society at large this evil demands to be remedied—now as never before. The frequent occurrence of such cases in our courts is fast becoming a national disgrace, which can and should be averted. The peculiar feature of our judicial system involved in these cases is not a legitimate and necessary part of that system, but rather an accidental and unnatural outgrowth from the maladjustment of the two principles above adverted to—a judicial excrescence which should be removed and replaced with something more consonant with reason and common sense and more promotive of the ends of justice. What that "Something" shall or may be is too large a question to be discussed here. That the task of devising it and securing its adoption will be an arduous one must be admitted, but it must also be admitted that this very serious danger-point in our judicial system should be no longer left unguarded. If it be true as assumed in theory that the power in question cannot be safely intrusted to the courts, it is at least equally true as demonstrated in practice that it cannot be safely intrusted to the jury. And it surely should be possible to devise some method of vesting it where it will be freer from danger of abuse than it now is.

HERBERT L. BAKER.

Detroit, January 30.

THE HETCH HETCHY VALLEY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of January 21, Warren Olney, an ex-Mayor of Oakland, Cal., makes an appeal to the readers of the *Nation* to favor the taking of the Hetch Hetchy Valley as a reservoir for the city of San Francisco, and to aid against the "monopoly" which is making the "principal fight" against it. We here in the East have been under the impression that the "principal fight" against this unnecessary invasion of the National Park was being made by the Appalachian Mountain Club, and that the good citizens of San Francisco who are clamoring for this taking are afflicted with the same form of hysteria that seems to characterize their action when the word Japanese is mentioned to them.

Their neighbors in California are not so charitable in their view. The Los Angeles *Evening News* said, editorially:

> There was never any reason or excuse for giving away this water, except that San Francisco wanted it, and was too stingy to be willing to go into the open market and buy. The Hetch Hetchy scheme is a fine thing for San Francisco, but, in plain language, it is a "steal." We concede that San Francisco needs more water and needs a municipal water system. That being true, the city should either buy the Spring Valley system outright or buy elsewhere.

The facts, which the ex-Mayor neglects to give, are these:

The city is now using daily about 32,000,000 gallons of water. The present capacity of this "monopoly" is 35,000,000, and it has undeveloped resources sufficient to supply over 100,000,000 gallons per day. The quality of the water is good. The city engineer's report estimates the daily use of water in 1948 at only 57,000,000 gallons. The city and the water company have been jockeying for some years over the sale of the company's plant. The city wants it, and the company is willing to sell. The present plant has cost in actual cash over $28,000,000. The company has indicated a willingness to sell for $32,000,000. The city, through its engineer, has appraised the value at $25,000,000, and has stated a willingness to give $28,500,000, although neither side has ever made a formal offer. The State Constitution requires the city to fix annually the water rates to be charged by the company. This it has done for the past six years at so low a figure that the United States courts have, on the application of the company, regularly and promptly enjoined the proposed rates as confiscatory. The Board of Supervisors of the city in 1906 ordered the "works and franchises" forfeited to the city, because the company would not accept rates based on a 5 per cent. return on $25,000,000, above actual operating expenses without any allowance for depreciation. The city has full power to take the entire plant of the water company by eminent domain, and have the price to be paid fixed by the courts. This proceeding the water company, the market value of whose securities has been much depressed by these attacks, has urged the city to adopt, but without avail.

There are a number of other excellent sources of water supply open to the city by purchase, either in the open market or through the courts. It frankly prefers the Tuolumne River supply because it hopes to get that from the national government without cost. No one seriously objects to this exhibition of municipal thrift. The present fight comes because the city not only wants the water for nothing, but also wants the nation to surrender one of the natural wonders of the National Park for a reservoir, because the high walls and narrow mouth of the valley make its transformation into a reservoir cheap. The proposed scheme will give the city 500,000,000 gallons daily, sixteen times its present needs, and it does not propose to construct a delivery system of more than 60,000,000 gallons daily, which it is estimated will be sufficient for the next forty years. Mr. Olney omits to tell us that a part of the plan of the city is to dam Lake Eleanor, a beautiful lake also within the park, and this part of the system, as at present planned, will deliver 57,000,000 gallons per day, and is capable of large extension; and that, in the opinion of its engineers, this supply alone is ample for the city's needs, as in its drainage basin "there are many small lakes which can be converted into storage reservoirs of considerable capacity." There are plenty of other sites for storage reservoirs than Hetch Hetchy. The existing reservoirs on the San Francisco peninsula will hold nearly 28,000,000,000 gallons, while the capacity of Hetch Hetchy, as at present planned, is but 33,000,000,000 and a reservoir can be built in the Calaveras Valley, near San Francisco, to hold 30,000,000,000, so that a supply for fully two years can be constantly kept on hand in the vicinity of the city. It must not be forgotten, therefore, that the only reason Hetch Hetchy is desired is because it is a very cheap place to build a dam.

There is one more cat in this meal. The city also has discussed using this mountain supply for the generation of electric light, and thus save its present annual expenditure of $300,000 a year for municipal lighting. This is a highly commendable object, if it were not sought at the expense of the whole country.

I say nothing here of the beauties of the valley. If there were mosquitoes there, I did not see them. The valley is remote because Congress has not yet seen fit to build seven or eight miles of road from the end of the present road at Hog Ranch. When that is built, the valley will be as accessible as the Yosemite itself was up to the time of the building of its railroad two years ago. The taking of Hetch Hetchy closes for all practical purposes the whole northern half of the park. How long will the city permit parties of 150 people, with attendant servants and horses, to camp along the river which supplies its reservoir? It was with such a party that I camped for four weeks in this watershed, where we were forced to leave two dead horses.

I submit that the Los Angeles *News* has made out its case, and the country is facing, and fighting, an attempt to secure from Congress "a license to steal."

EDMUND A. WHITMAN.

Cambridge, Mass., January 25.

AN APPEAL TO SUMMER RESIDENTS OF MAINE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Among your readers there must be many generous persons who are summer residents of Maine, and who may, therefore, be interested in the following statement: The laws of Maine provide for State agents appointed by the Governor to enforce the statutes respecting cruelty to

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animals, and such an agent, Dr. J. H. Rollin, was appointed about sixteen months ago, at the request of the Farmington Humane Society. Dr. Rollin gives his whole time to the work, goes to all parts of the State, and is, in fact, a travelling humane agent—the first of the kind, it is believed, in the world. The scheme has attracted wide attention, and seems likely to be adopted in many other States, especially if it can be continued in Maine as an object lesson. The Farmington Humane Society is a weak society, consisting chiefly of one benevolent woman, and Dr. Rollin's salary has been paid mainly by summer residents. Among those who have taken especial interest in the matter are, Mrs. Margaret Deland, Miss Sarah Orne Jewett, S. R. Taber of Chicago, the Hon. William B. Sanders of Cleveland, Clement Newbold of Philadelphia, and George B. Dorr of Boston. But the fund is now exhausted, and the work must cease unless new contributors come forward. The cruelty to horses and cattle in northern New England, especially in winter, and especially on remote farms, in logging camps, and on logging roads, is far greater than would be imagined by any one unfamiliar with the facts. Dr. Rollin has been remarkably successful. In two hundred cases he has procured an improvement in dilapidated barns which sheltered horses and cattle; he has mercifully killed 150 worn-out and incurably lame horses; he has prosecuted the worst offenders, among whom was a man who tied a rope to a horse's tongue and pulled it out; he has given away blankets to poor men; he has supplied needy families with food and clothing; and has distributed books and papers among school children.

The undersigned acts as agent in this matter for the Farmington Humane Society, and any contributions sent to him will be received with gratitude. He refers to the Hon. S. T. Pullen, president of the Portland Humane Society; George T. Angell, president of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; and Dr. William O. Stillman of Albany, president of the American Humane Association. HENRY C. MERWIN.

No. 3 West Cedar Street, Boston, January 26.

"NO REFUGE BUT IN TRUTH."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I cannot let your editorial of January 28, "No Refuge but in Truth," pass without a word of respectful protest.

With the general principles which you lay down no man of sense will in these days refuse to agree. All of us, be we conservative, liberal, or radical, can surely come together on this point, at least, that truth which we ourselves recognize as truth cannot honorably, profitably, or, in the end, successfully, be concealed or disguised. Nor is it difficult to admit that a theology maintaining itself by subtle sophistries and forced interpretations must, "in this era of universal education," eventually, and even quickly, succumb to the growing demand for openness and clearness of thought.

But that "much of ancient Christian dogma rested" on the "old cosmology," or that "the Christian ideal of character" is all that is left of Christianity, or that sound theology sanctions the belief in a "crassly materialistic and inconceivable heaven," or that "the findings of natural science" necessitate the attenuation of theism to a half-hearted belief in Arnold's "cold impersonal force that, at best, makes for righteousness"—such statements as these, appearing under the general *imprimatur* of a journal like the *Nation* demand some indication that not all of your readers yield to them their agreement and consent.

Whether modern Christian thought is to be overwhelmed by the contention that the cosmology on which "ancient dogma" rested has given way before a truer system, is, to say the least, rather doubtful. I am not aware that the theology of to-day is in any particular inconsistent with the verified findings of astronomers, geologists, and physicists from Galileo to Lord Kelvin. Nor can I perceive any inherent opposition between Christian doctrine and the modern philosophy of evolution—even if the latter include, among its subsidiary hypotheses, the theory of abiogenesis, or "spontaneous generation." Those portions of early theology which have been invalidated by scientific discovery were in no instance essential to the general doctrine itself, and have long since been discarded and forgotten. To say, again, that present-day theology teaches a "crassly materialistic and inconceivable heaven," is to argue with epithets, and to educe proof from mere accentuation of statement. That nothing remains of Christianity but the ethical ideal developed from its doctrines, is an assertion against which there is here space but to oppose an earnest denial. And, lastly, the assumption that theism has been finally despoiled of all rational justification and basis, is not for a moment to be admitted. That modern science is atheistic, may by granted; but that is only because science is confessedly restricted to material phenomena, and can never penetrate, in either physics or psychology, to the supramaterial, life-giving Fundament. Our greatest psychologists are precisely those who teach this doctrine.

It should not require repetition, at this day, that theism is not disproved or weakened because the telescope has scanned the heavens in vain for an anthropomorphically conceived deity; or that the theory of an immaterial source of mental activity has not lost any of its force through the inability of the X-ray to get beyond molecules and matter. Theism has nothing to fear from, has, indeed, nothing to do with, "the findings of natural science." It rests, as Cardinal Newman so gently but persistently urged, not on any scientific examination of matter, but on an introspective examination of our mental and moral life. Theism starts with the "Universal Postulate" of Spencer that "inconceivability of the opposite is the highest assurance of truth"; it challenges any mind, scientific or other, to conceive of a thought, or a volition, or a prayer, as a material, spatial entity, so many inches long, or broad, or deep—that is, to conceive of mind as matter; and it concludes—snatching its test of truth from the mouth of the apostle of cosmic evolution—that the mind is a supramaterial, *i. e.*, a spiritual entity. But this spiritual entity must have a source, and that source itself must be spiritual, and must be, like its offspring, possessed of intelligence and will.

The question, of course, is not one that can be adequately discussed in the space that may be allotted here. Let it be recognized, finally, that religion is not a syllogism, but a standpoint; not an inference reached after a scientific or philosophic "voyage of discovery," but a deliberate and thoroughly reasonable choice of one attitude towards life and its mysteries in preference to any other. It finds its source in spirit and conscience; and as such is forever immune from a science that, on its own admission, is restricted to the spatial and material, and from a philosophy that, again on its own admission, is restricted to the phenomenal and the relative, and perpetually excluded by its very nature from the spiritual realm that contains a conscience and a God. WM. J. DURANT.

Seton Hall College, South Orange, N. J., January 29.

Notes.

The Oxford University Press is about to publish a book by W. H. V. Reade, called "The Moral System of Dante's Inferno" Mr. Reade thinks that the common opinions concerning "The Divine Comedy" may be considerably modified.

Harpers are to issue a new edition of Trevelyan's "Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay," which will include Macaulay's "Marginalia," recently published in a separate volume.

In answer to an inquiry as to the original editions of Eugene Lee-Hamilton's poetry, we may say that all of the books, except, we believe, the two novels, were published at his own expense. The editions were small and bear many imprints. We are informed that no authorized edition is obtainable in the ordinary way, except "Dramatic Sonnets, Poems, and Ballads: Selections from the Poems of Eugene Lee-Hamilton," with an introduction by William Sharp, London, Walter Scott (in Canterbury Poets). The selection was made by Lee-Hamilton himself, but is representative only as regards the sonnets. The same house has an edition of his novel, "The Lord of the Dark Red Star." An unauthorized edition, "Sonnets of the Wingless Hours," has been published by Thomas B. Mosher of Portland. Heinemann of London and Duffield & Co. of this city have in preparation an amplified copyright edition of "Mimma Bella," and, we understand, are planning a comprehensive book of selections to be made by Mrs. Lee-Hamilton.

Of the attractiveness of W. S. Braithwaite's "Book of Georgian Verse," just published by Brentano's, there can be no question. A surprising amount of poetry has been packed into a single stubby little volume, printed in good type and on thin but opaque paper. On the editor's judgment in selection some strictures might be made, although in the making of anthologies, if anywhere, the rule *de gustibus* is in force. Still it does seem reprehensible in a book devoted mainly to the eighteenth century to pass over Christopher Anstey, if only for the place of Bath in Georgian society; and there are other names missing which certainly have as strong a claim on our memory as some

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of the obscure Scottish gentlemen admitted. However, enough of every sort is included to give a good survey of verse from Thomson to Wordsworth. For ourselves, we almost forgot to criticise the book under the spell of Landor's epigrams which first caught our eye. Certainly he is the prince of anthology writers, as is natural in one who drew so much of his inspiration from the Greek Anthology. Reading his poems here amidst the work of so many other poets, we were impressed by his power of producing an impression by a deliberate restraint and, so to speak, diminution, as seen in his "night of memories and of sighs" (which a famous German scholar once emended to "life"!), his "tears are longer ere they dry," and a score of other minute touches. We observe that the notes forget to mention that "Mother, I Cannot Mind My Wheel" is from Sappho; and we protest against the inclusion of "The Hamadryad" in place of his wonderful masterpiece, "Iphigeneia and Agamemnon."

Prof. F. A. Blackburn's edition of the "Exodus" and "Daniel," once attributed to Caedmon, is one of the most satisfactory offerings that have so far appeared in the Early English section of the Belles-Lettres Series (D. C. Heath & Co.). From a literary point of view these poems are much more inviting for classroom use than Prof. J. W. Bright's specimens of the West Saxon Gospels, and though they are less brilliant than the "Judith," edited by Prof. A. S. Cook, they are not open to the objection to that interesting text—its extreme shortness. It should be said, however, that Professor Blackburn has had primarily in mind the linguistic student. He has transcribed his text from the Junian manuscript with the most painstaking literalness. All proposed emendations are relegated to the footnotes, in which are included copious suggestions of earlier commentators—many of them worthless—to exercise the critical acumen of the young philologist. The vocabulary is exhaustive, even to the point of recording the 159 occurrences of the conjunction "and." The formal merits of the introductory matter are perspicuity, conciseness, and methodical arrangement. The more vital merits are a cautious judgment and a fondness for facts. He sets forth one original suggestion of considerable importance, namely, that the accent marks in Anglo-Saxon poetry do not, as is generally supposed, indicate long vowels, but rather metrical stresses. He admits, however, that the evidence is as yet incomplete, and, with the sound critical spirit that makes the whole book a model of its kind, suspends judgment.

There is a place for the Oxford edition (Henry Frowde) of "The Works in Prose and Verse of Charles and Mary Lamb." Canon Ainger's edition suffers both from incompleteness and from deliberate and utterly unwarranted alterations of the text. The seven volumes edited by E. V. Lucas have the merit of scholarly exactness, and contain everything that can reasonably be attributed to Lamb; but they are not pleasant books to handle and read, and, after all, comfort in reading in the case of an author like Lamb is an essential requisite. The edition in twelve volumes, edited by William Macdonald, is accurate, sufficiently complete, and is made up in the attractive form commonly given to his publications by Mr. Dent. We must add, however, from personal experience, that the books, if dainty, are also somewhat flimsy, and do not wear well. The edition now prepared for the Oxford Press by Thomas Hutchinson (editor of Wordsworth and Shelley in the same series) is for the "works" practically complete and is textually accurate. It is, too, considering its cheapness and the amount of matter (1,720 pages) crowded into two volumes, agreeable to eye and hand. The Letters are not included, and this may seem like having "Hamlet" with the Dane left out. Perhaps they are retained for a third volume, and, if so, Mr. Hutchinson, who has proved his capacity for painstaking and judicious work, may perform a true service; for the text of the Letters still needs rectifying in many details.

"Hazell's Annual" for 1909 (imported by Scribner's) is, as usual, the indispensable book for any one who wishes to have at hand a survey of the recent events of legislation, government, finance, civil life, education, army, etc., of Great Britain and, in less detail, of other countries. A number of new titles appear this year, including, among others, Airships, Old Age Pensions, and Unemployed Question. The book is minutely indexed and thoroughly trustworthy.

"The Commercial Products of India" (E. P. Dutton & Co.), by Sir George Watt, is an official publication consisting of a digest of information on the products which are of present or prospective industrial or commercial importance. It is an abridgment of the "Dictionary of the Economic Products of India," by the same author published in six volumes in 1885-94, and now out of print. The general plan of treatment may be indicated by the article on cotton, which occupies fifty-six pages. It begins with a sketch of the history of the plant in all countries from the earliest times. Then follows an account of the various species in India, the methods of cultivation, the manufactures, including the wages of mill operatives, and the foreign and domestic trade. To each section is appended a list of authorities from which the facts are derived, the statistical returns being brought down to 1905-6. All who carefully examine this unique work, the aim of which is to be of practical value to the commerce and industry of the land, must be profoundly impressed by the enormous development of India's natural wealth under English rule. To take a few products only; the exports of linseed in 1832 were 3 cwt., in 1904 they amounted to 11,182,000 cwt. The output of the coal mines increased from 459,408 tons in 1868, to 9,783,250 in 1906. "Tea now occupies half a million acres of land formerly waste," the exports amounting to thirty million dollars a year, while the annual value of the cotton crop, insignificant a century ago, is now one hundred million dollars. Some of the information, we observe, is rather trivial. Moreover, the usefulness of the work as a book of reference would have been increased by the addition of tables of measures and values.

The two latest additions to the series of Baedeker guide-books (imported by Charles Scribner's Sons) are "Italy from the Alps to Naples" and "Greece." The former is the second edition of an abridgment of the three more detailed volumes, "Northern Italy," "Central Italy and Rome," and "Southern Italy and Sicily." It is designed for "travellers who have only four or five weeks at their disposal, and intend to devote their time either to a rapid and comprehensive survey of the country or mainly to the attractions of Rome and Naples." It contains 25 maps and 52 plans. The "Greece" is the fourth edition, with 16 maps, 30 plans, 2 diagrams, and a panorama of Athens.

"A Woman's Way through Unknown Labrador," by Mrs. Leonidas Hubbard, jr. (Doubleday, Page), is an account of a journey through Labrador, from Hamilton Inlet, on the Atlantic Coast, to Ungava Bay, a part of Hudson's Bay, by the Nascaupee and George Rivers, and Lake Michikamau. The purpose was to explore this route, which had been chosen in 1903 for the first "Hubbard expedition," under the leadership of the author's husband, Leonidas Hubbard, jr. It will be recalled that, on account of fatal initial mistakes, he lost his life in the frozen wilderness, while his two companions, Dillon Wallace and George Elson, barely escaped. Mr. Hubbard's chief objects were the indulgence of his love of adventure, the desire to get material for a "good story," and to pick up what scientific information he could, by a close study of the Indians and an effort to map the country through which he passed. These were presumably also Mrs. Hubbard's objects, as she expresses her purpose to "complete" her husband's work. Well outfitted, and accompanied by four good woodsmen, one of whom was the faithful Indian, George Elson, who was with Mr. Hubbard, she finished her adventurous journey with singularly little hardship, but at such a rate of speed, especially towards the end, that she found very little time for scientific observation. Though the party encountered a few Indians, both Montagnais and Nascaupees, there was no opportunity for any study of their habits. Little shooting was done, except for the pot, and almost no fishing, which was a pity, in view of the fact that the expedition passed through a fine game and fish country. The topographical results were of slight value, and the book is almost devoid of notes on flora and fauna. In a word, it is as a volume of entertainment that the work is recommended, for it is excellently written, in a natural style, and with much vivacity. Though Labrador is far from being the *terra incognita* that many later explorers would have us believe, and journeys through it are common and by no means very dangerous if proper care is used, Mrs. Hubbard's expedition nevertheless proves her a woman of enterprise, energy, and pluck.

Miss Beatrice Grimshaw's "In the Strange South Seas" (J. B. Lippincott Co.) is the continuation of the story of her enterprising journey in the Southern Pacific, the first part of which, on Fiji and the New Hebrides, was noticed in the *Nation* of January 30, 1908. Here she narrates in the same lively and entertaining way her adventures in Tahiti, Samoa, the Cook and other groups of islands mostly under the control of the New Zealand government. Their great undeveloped wealth in soil and climate admirably adapted to the cultivation of tropical fruits and the opportunities which they offer to white settlers with

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some capital are clearly shown. The chief impression left by her book is that these isles are a "garden of Indolence, a lotus-land, a place where one dreams, and wanders, and listens to the murmuring reef-song, and sleeps under the shade of a palm, and wakes but to dream again." For nearly three years she voyaged from one to another of the eight groups in the small sailing vessels which are the only means of communication with the outside world. It was an adventurous journey as she was without any companion, but she was treated everywhere with unfailing courtesy, especially in those islands which she was the first white woman to visit. Her descriptions of the wonderful color effects in the coral atolls, the fruit groves, and the life of the natives, their passionate fondness for flowers, dancing, singing, and swimming are very vivid. One of the most interesting places was Tonga, one of the Friendly Islands, which has a king, "a real palace, guards of honor, a parliament, a prime minister, a chancellor of the exchequer, and a large number of public officials. All these are Tongan natives." Six or seven years ago the king, wishing to provide himself with a queen of equal rank with himself, "first applied to the Emperor of Germany to know if there was a German Princess of marriageable age whom he could have. The Kaiser politely replied in the negative." Their high opinion of their own importance is shown by the fact that "when the war between China and Japan broke out, Tonga politely sent word to Great Britain that she intended to remain neutral." The concluding chapters contain an account of a short stay in Samoa and a visit to the Hot-Water Country and Geysers in New Zealand. There can be no doubt that such a cruise as Miss Grimshaw took would be ideal for the wearied toiler of the busy world. Many of the fifty-six illustrations are remarkable for their beauty. If the author would condense her two volumes into one, leaving out many of the descriptions of scenery which are tiresome because of their sameness, and scores of trivial incidents, and add an index and a map, she would make a valuable contribution to the literature of a little-known part of the world.

Our strongest impression on picking up W. M. Rossetti's "Family Letters of Christina Georgina Rossetti" (Scribner's) is one of disappointment for a great opportunity lost. Mr. Rossetti has for a number of years been issuing monographs, biographical introductions, and books on the greater members of his family. The pity is that he should have scattered his energy on so many incomplete publications instead of concentrating it upon one solid memoir. As it is, the best of his material has gone into pamphlets and introductions, leaving his larger works, like the two volumes of 1906, entitled "Some Reminiscences," singularly jejune and fragmentary. A proper history of the Rossetti family would be a book of great interest and value, and no one had better opportunities for writing such a memoir than the editor of these letters; as it is, we must look to another. The present letters of Christina Rossetti, we must say regretfully, are of slight interest, and this slightness is emphasized by their publication in a separate volume. They are almost entirely brief notes. Here and there some reference to literary matters drops in, as when she mentions the family liking for Barham's extraordinary ballad "As I Lay A-thinking," or when she speaks of Emily Dickinson's "wonderfully Blakean gift, but therewithal a startling recklessness of poetic ways and means"; but these are exceptions. Nor do the letters throw any new light on the character or experience of the writer. Considering the intimacy of her verse, we should be glad to have any clearer revelation of her feeling toward James Collinson and Charles B. Cayley; but of such confession there is in these pages not a hint. The only excuse we can find for the publication is that some day the man who shall write the desired history of the family may find in it a few sentences to his purpose.

A collection of family letters of unusual charm is published under the title "Memoirs of a Vanished Generation" (John Lane Co.). The family of Edmond Knox, cadet of a noble Irish house, had the habit of sprightly and intimate correspondence. Their letters from 1813 to 1855 mirror life with an agreeable distortion of the scale which reduces the doings of '48 to the same magnitude as Bessy's matrimonial chances. "By the time you come home," writes Mrs. Knox to her soldier-son in Canada, "I shall be occupied in taking Bessy into the world. I wonder if I shall have any luck!" Bessy was no beauty, but was "thought very agreeable in conversation." From her letters, she was a merry, sweet-hearted girl, and the reader hopes anxiously that one of the eligible young men with whom she dances may endow her with a title and a carriage. But fate is as inexorable as Henry James, and Bessy married a country parson and a widower, and died at thirty. The soldier-son came home in 1842 on a year's leave. He crossed from Sandy Hook to Deal in thirty days, reached London the day after landing, "ordered a complete rig-out of clothes from Jones in Regent Street," and went to the Haymarket to see Mme. Vestris the same evening. His laconic diary shows his joys in Paris, where he dined in company with "Thackeray, the author," and hired a window for five francs to see two men guillotined.

In calendaring the State Papers (Colonial Series) for the year 1700, Cecil Headlam, the editor, has found a census, taken in that year, of the white inhabitants of Jamaica. In view of the fact that many of the families in the United States are descendants from forefathers who first settled in the West Indian colonies, this announcement will be of interest in this country. It will not be practicable to print the names in the next Calendar, but the fact of their existence will be noted. Family associations between the States and the West Indies were pointed out by Samuel Drake, in the Register of the New England Historic-Genealogical Society, about fifty years ago, and since then they have been further elucidated. It is well known that Hamilton came from Nevis. Dallas, the first Secretary of the Treasury, was a native of Jamaica. Gen. George Gordon Meade of Gettysburg fame was descended from a family of colonists in Montserrat. A branch of the Winthrop family "planted" in Antigua; and a branch of the Lees in Barbados. There is good reason to believe that it may yet be proved that John Washington, who settled in Virginia about 1657, went thither from Barbados.

The British League of the Empire has just issued its text-book, "The British Empire: Its Past, Its Present, and Its Future," a work of about 800 pages, with 54 pages of good index. About 240 pages have been contributed by the editor, Prof. A. F. Pollard, on the history of the British Isles. The treatment of India, the Colonies, and their possessions, is therefore, necessarily, on a very inadequate scale. Of places in the New World, Canada is assigned 75 pages; Newfoundland less than 9; Bermuda, less than 2; the Falkland Islands 1½; and the West Indies, about 30. One of the committee for the preparation of the history, Sir Frederick P. Pollock, has contributed 34 pages on "The Future Organization of the Empire." The work has been prepared from moneys provided by the Spitzel Imperial Education Trust, founded on a gift of £5,000 by the late Mr. Spitzel.

Interest in Thackeray has revived in Germany. In a series of treatises on English and German philology, edited by Alois Brandl, Erich Schmidt, and Gustav Roethe, there has appeared a book of 152 pages by Dr. Erwin Walter, entitled "Entstehungsgeschichte von W. M. Thackerays Vanity Fair." The first German edition of Thackeray's complete works, translated by Heinrich Conrad, has also appeared upon the market.

A contribution to the Turkish question has just come from the press of Rütten & Löning, the Literarische Anstalt of Frankfort, "Der erlöschende Halbmond," by Alexander Ular und Enrico Insabato. The subtitle, "Türkische Enthüllungen," is not a happy choice; for a book that frankly promises revelations of any kind is rarely devoid of an unpleasant element of sensationalism. It is to the authors' credit that they have maintained a certain dignity in the treatment of a subject which lends itself so easily to the methods of yellow journalism. The work is likely to add to the reputation of Ular, who came into prominence as the author of "Die gelbe Flut," a novel of Chinese life remarkable for its insight into customs and conditions ordinarily hidden from the foreigner. The two authors merely report the facts, point out the relation between seemingly unrelated things, guide the reader through the labyrinth, and analyze the various aspects of the economic and political problems involved.

The city of Hamburg, Germany, has just opened a Colonial Institute, and a modest pamphlet gives the addresses on the occasion. Hamburg has steadily increased the number of its useful institutions—a great hospital, an excellent astronomical observatory, a capital municipal library, a well planned system of schools, now culminating in a local university, with a scientific academy. And finally, mindful of its large interest in the prosperity of German colonies, it has provided a Colonial Institute, for the training of officials, merchants, planters, and all who may seek employment in the colonies. The hearty acknowledgment of the imperial government was made by the secretary of the colonies, Bernhard Dernburg, who was trained as a merchant in the United States, and as an official in the German African colonies. The principal address was that of Prof. Karl

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Räthgen, of the staff of the new institute, describing its scope and organization. In addition to chairs filled by members of the various local faculties, three new professors have been called to teach law, geography, and Eastern history; and in addition courses will be given in languages, natural history, medicine, and politics.

A useful compendium of facts is the new work of Dr. O. Schwarz, which appears in the Sammlung Göschen, entitled "Die Steuersysteme des Auslandes." It describes in considerable fulness the tax systems of all the leading nations of the globe, except Germany.

"Buddha: Sein Leben, seine Lehre, und sein Einfluss bis auf unsere Zeit," by Theodor Simon (Gütersloh; C. Bertelsmann), is divided into four parts which treat of Buddha's Life; Buddha's Teachings; the Spread of Buddhism in Asia; the Influence of Buddhism on Modern Thought and Life. One feature is the author's effort to show the similarity between Buddhism and the philosophies of Schopenhauer and Hartmann. The parallels between the teachings of Jesus and Buddha are, according to the author's view, more seeming than real. He further insists that Buddhism does not advance but retards and deadens civilization.

The house of J. C. Hinrichs, Leipzig, has now, with the publication of the twenty-first volume, completed the third edition of that greatest storehouse of Protestant theological learning, the "Realencyklopädie für protestantische Theologie und Kirche," originally projected by Prof. J. J. Herzog, but now edited by Prof. Albert Hauck. Some four hundred scholars have contributed more than forty-three hundred articles to the more than seventeen thousand pages of this edition. A supplementary index is yet to follow.

John Gilmer Speed, grand-nephew of the poet Keats, died at Mendham, N. J., February 2. He was born in Kentucky fifty-five years ago, and was a graduate of the University of Louisville as a civil engineer. After his graduation he practised his profession, built several railroads, and at one time was city engineer of Louisville. At the Centennial Exhibition he was chief of the bureau of transportation. From 1879 to 1883 he was managing editor of the New York *World*, and from 1883 to 1887 travelled abroad extensively, doing magazine work. On his return to America he engaged in various editorial work and wrote much for the magazines. In later years he made the horse his special subject. In 1904 he was appointed commissioner to purchase breeding stock for the Philippines, and was afterwards employed to inspect horses and mules bought for work in the Panama Canal. His published books are: "Keats' Letters and Poems," "A Fall River Incident," "The Gilmers in America," "A Deal in Denver," "The Horse in America."

Miss Martha Finley died at her home in Elkton, Md., January 30. She was born at Chillicothe, O., in 1828, and spent her girlhood at South Bend, Ind. In 1868 under the pseudonym of Martha Farquharson she put out the first story of "Elsie Dinsmore," which was such a success as to justify twenty successors, the last, "Elsie's Winter Trip," being published in 1902. She was also the author of the "Mildred Books."

The death is announced of the Rev. Arthur G. Butler, for a time assistant master at Rugby, head master of Haileybury from 1862 to 1867, and from 1875 to 1895 tutor of Oriel College, Oxford. Besides winning distinction as a teacher he published several books of verse: "Charles I, a Drama," "Harold, a Drama," "Choice of Achilles, and Other Poems."

News comes of the death at Paris of Albert Mérat, poet and librarian of the Senate, at the age of sixty-eight. He was in early life a friend of Verlaine's, and collaborated with him in a book of sonnets, "Avril, Mai, Juin."

Charles Tardieu has died at the age of seventy in Brussels. He was a well-known figure at Paris during the later years of the Second Empire, and founded *L'Art*. He afterwards went to Brussels, where for several years he edited *L'Indépendence belge*.

From Jena comes the news of the death, in his fifty-second year, of Karl Vollers, professor of Oriental philology. His best known work is "Die Weltreligionen."

Johan Jakob Borelius, professor of theoretical philosophy at the University of Lund from 1866 to 1898, has died in his eighty-sixth year. A follower of Hegel, he felt that the anarchistic and materialistic views held by the Hegelian left were caused by their not having drawn the full consequences from the master's dialectic principles. Borelius was most widely known for his polemics with C. J. Boström and Boström's followers, especially Sigurd Ribbing. During the last years of his life he was engaged on a large work on metaphysics, only parts of which have been published.

OSCAR WILDE.

Oscar Wilde. By Leonard Cresswell Ingleby. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $3.50 net.

It was only a little while ago that R. H. Sherard published what professed to be an authoritative biography of Oscar Wilde; and now appears a criticism of much the same scope and intention by Mr. Ingleby. While recognizing the impossibility at this point of anything like a final or definitive evaluation of his author, Mr. Ingleby expects to reach, if only for the time being, a relatively just, or at least a thoroughly comprehensive, estimate. He hopes to make a correction or two, if not an entire rectification. In this respect his volume is a pendant to Mr. Sherard's. Unfortunately, however, neither of these gentlemen succeed in inspiring much confidence. To be sure, Mr. Ingleby has moments of great sanity; but they are followed by paroxysms of enthusiasm so reckless and extravagant as to prejudice even his more lucid intervals. His book is further compromised by the circumstance that its conclusions are wholly inconsistent with its principles. Mr. Ingleby censures Oscar Wilde's character and condemns his theories of literature; and yet he lavishes unsparing praise upon the writings which are the expression of that personality and the illustration of those ideas. At the same time he is quite devoid of petty intolerance and unfairness. He quotes as liberally from detractors as from panegyrists. He recognizes that there is such a thing as a difference of opinion, and he looks behind as well as before. The fact seems to be that admiration has become an involuntary habit with him—a kind of tic which he is unable to check or control, and which has ended by suborning the intelligence to issue it a set of counterfeit credentials.

For Mr. Ingleby, Oscar Wilde is simply a brilliant example of the general thesis that character has nothing to do with literature—or art, as he would probably prefer to call it. He insists that "the man's life and the man's work" are wholly separate and independent, and "should not be regarded as identical," much less judged by the same standard. On the one hand, there is "the artist, all of whose works were pure, stimulating, and splendid," and who never wrote "a line that was immoral and impure"; and, on the other hand, there is "the criminal, part of whose life was shameful," but whose "criminal side . . . was only a part of his complex nature horribly disastrous for himself and his personal life, but absolutely without influence upon his work." For this reason Mr. Ingleby prefaces his criticism by a distinct study of "the Man"—though on his own showing such a study in this connection must be merely idle, if indeed it does not prejudice his author in the very manner he himself deplores, particularly as this is the most interesting and significant part of his book. And, by the bye, when will critics have done with this silly fashion of dissecting their subject into man and artist, as though an artist were ever anything but a man? In this case, at all events, Mr. Ingleby apportions his "man" among four "periods"—the period of æsthetic pose and attitudinizing, the brief heyday of literary and social fashion, an interval of obscuration and eclipse, succeeded by a sudden momentary flare and rapid extinction. On the whole, nothing could be more moderate and impartial in tone than this survey. That it is, if anything, over-indulgent, is a fault with which the generous reader will find it easy to sympathize. After acknowledging Wilde's "unconquerable egoism," the "self-appreciation and confidence which reached not only the heights of absurdity, but surely impinged upon the borders of mental failure," the "extraordinary and abnormal divorce between will-power and intelligence"—in a word, the man's fatal *hybris;* Mr. Ingleby draws a balance in the following terms:

> In regarding the whole field of the poet's life . . . one finds him to be a sweet and noble nature, with much of the seren-

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ity of "highness" which accompanies a great genius, yet obscured, soiled, overlapped, and periodically destroyed by a terrible and riotous madness, both of talk and thought. It is a facile and dangerous thing to attribute all the good and noble actions of any man to his "real self," and to say that all the evil he wrought and did came from madness or irresponsibility. If such a doctrine were to be generally accepted and believed, laws would lose their *raison d'être,* punishment would become a mockery, and society would inevitably end.

Yet possibly it may be that some few souls exist of whom such a statement may be true. If such exceptions do exist and have existed, then surely Oscar Wilde was one of them.

So be it. It is ill to crowd the dead. In view of the inequality of custom one would be as charitable as possible with a man of extraordinary gifts lest one confound too many in an indiscriminate condemnation. Yet in view of Mr. Ingleby's general proclamation of divorce as between literature and character it is impossible to avoid recalling Boileau's commentary:

> Le vers se sent toujours des bassesses du cœur,

or, to keep somewhere near the same artistic kind, the remark of Théodore de Banville:

> Comme, en somme, ta poésie exprimera ton âme, on y verra se refléter clairement les vices, les faiblesses, les lâchetés, et les défaillances de ton âme. Tu tromperas les hommes peut-être, mais non la Muse.

But Mr. Ingleby goes even farther. Toward the close of his volume he virtually concludes a separation between a writer's opinions, too, and his work. That he himself, in spite of his protestations, is sufficiently under the influence of common prejudice to feel the desirability of setting out his author's life in the fairest possible colors, is clear from the preceding quotation. But his condemnation of Wilde's views is thoroughgoing:

> Enough has been said and quoted to prove . . . that art, while it is the chief regenerative force in life, cannot possibly be dissociated from morals, that Wilde's view of art in its relation to morals is entirely unsound and dangerous to the half-educated and those who do not know how the greatest brains of the world have regarded this question.

And it is strictly in accordance with these principles, developed at length in the chapter on "The Philosophy of Beauty," that he censures "De Profundis" solely on the strength of its content:

> Now if the book were merely an excursion in attitude, a considered work of art without any profound relation to the truth of its personal psychology, then I think the book would be a less saddening thing than it undoubtedly is. . . . [But] if the work is absolutely sincere, as I believe it to be, then, from the moral point of view, it is, indeed, a terrible document. It shows us how little the extraordinary, complex temperament of Oscar Wilde was really chastened and purified. It provides us with a moral picture of monstrous egotism set in a frame of jewels.

What, then, is left to a work of art in default of character and ideas? Nothing, apparently, except style. But while the conclusion may serve to explain the possibility of Mr. Ingleby's enthusiasm, in the teeth of the preceding considerations, when he comes to examine his author's "work," yet it must also diminish the value of his praise for the serious reader. And, indeed, this part of the volume leaves the mind in something of a turmoil. It is disconcerting enough to hear Wilde's frequently superficial and catchy trick of expression lauded through thick and thin as "the supreme art of the genius," to find his rather amateurish dramatic vein ranked with the thoroughly experienced stage-craft of Sardou, to listen to the confident prophecy that "'A Woman of No Importance' is certain of immortality," to read of "the *supreme* and splendid passages" in which he has treated of Dante's Divine Comedy—and that, too, in the same breath with "his curiously topsy-turvy views of life." But all this is nothing to the *volte-face* whereby the critic concludes of "De Profundis," in defiance of his own criticism just cited—"I know of nothing written in recent years that comes anywhere near it as an almost flawless work of art." Surely, in reference to such "a terrible document," such "a picture of monstrous egotism," this can mean nothing if it does not mean that a work of art is art only in as far as it is factitious.

It is not so much that Oscar Wilde was not in his way a clever and even at times a brilliant writer—but that all this laudation is so entirely wanting in proportion, in the sense of measure and relativity. Indeed, the critic himself is wickedly suggestive at times of the *bourgeois épaté,* to whom he frequently refers with some disdain—the dumfounded Philistine, who is too dazed to exercise his judgment upon the object of his detestation or admiration. And it is just this fact, that the writer does not understand exactly what he is praising, or why or how much, which damages in its upshot and intention what is in some particulars an interesting and even a judicious book.

CURRENT FICTION.

Septimus. By William J. Locke. New York: John Lane Co.

Septimus is a fresh and delightful figure among story-book heroes. Superficially, he is a person frequently to be seen upon the comic stage: the lack-lustre, anæmic, wool-gathering young man of genius, who cannot manage his cuffs, or remember where he lives. In short, he appears to be an ass, and the spectator is encouraged to enjoy him to the full as such. But the point of the story is that he is gradually perceived to be, not an ass, but a lion in ass's skin. Septimus Dix ("Simple Septimus" he was called for serial purposes) is a lonely, eccentric young Englishman, with the brains of a mathematician and the heart of a child. He has plenty of money, but insufficient presence of mind to care for or enjoy it rationally. He is at the mercy of a rascally valet, an ex-burglar, and of whatever sharp practitioners may chance upon him. Of course, the irrational thing about the situation is that such a born victim should have outlived an unprotected boyhood without being absolutely stripped by the sharp practitioners, who in real life seldom leave their operations to chance. To make matters worse, Septimus is an inventor, with heavy ordnance as a specialty. When we come upon him, however, not even the patent lawyers have succeeded in draining him dry, and he is safely if aimlessly pottering about at Monte Carlo. At the roulette-table he meets a young Juno of an English widow, Zora Middlemist, who is, like himself, loitering alone through Southern Europe. They strike up a whimsical acquaintance. Each really needs the protection and companionship of the other, and they resume their travels in discreet proximity. Presently there enters upon the scene another man, almost as unusual as Septimus, one Clem Sypher, proprietor of "Sypher's Cure," and self-styled Friend of Humanity. His remedy is worthless, but he does not know it. On the contrary, he believes that it is destined to relieve the world's suffering: it is a religion with him. Virtually a quack, he is spiritually a "poet with an ideal." Of course, both men fall in love with Zora Middlemist. But the love of Septimus is all meekness, and he is easily convinced of the sisterliness of Zora's feeling for him. It remains for him to prove to his own satisfaction the depth of his devotion by an act of self-sacrifice which involves another woman and in the end makes for his own happiness. Zora is for Sypher—not Sypher the triumphant friend of humanity, but Sypher the fallen, robbed of his great mission, yet resolute and worthy of a strong mate. It all makes up a pleasant fantasia, perhaps, rather than a novel in the "strenuous" sense now commonly attached to the term: and for this, one is inclined to say, so much the better.

Rose-White Youth. By Dolf Wyllarde. New York: John Lane Co.

This book will take readers of a certain age back to that favorite of their youth, author of "Phyllis," "Molly Bawn," and other delectable tales of somewhat long-drawn sentiment, who called herself "The Duchess." In later

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years one came to associate that title with the simulacrum of a middle-aged figure in dressing-sack and curl-papers discoursing unctuously and profitably of young love. "Dolf Wyllarde" is better bred than "The Duchess," but the style is not quite free from the shabby-genteel complacency of the middle-class romancer sure of an audience. Most of the persons, the wicked and beautiful society woman, the languid middle-aged breaker of maidens' hearts, the silly young lord, are among the ordinary properties of British fiction. And Betty, the present incarnation of "rose-white youth," bids fair at first to be a mere replica of the familiar pathetic heroine: the young girl whose real (and unfortunate) parentage has been concealed from her, and who is destined to become an heiress in time to secure the matrimonial services of the middle-aged heart-breaker. But there is something really fresh and youthful about this particular Betty, something altogether unconventional in the manner in which death is permitted to release her from the responsibilities of her wealth and the condescensions of her languid lover. The consummation is unexpected, but it retroacts upon one's impression of the story as a whole.

Captain Margaret: A Romance. By John Masefield. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

Buccaneering in the seventeenth century is a theme of perpetual attractiveness, and it would take a far less animated pen than Mr. Masefield's to divest it of interest and spice. This, however, is only the third or fourth reflection suggested by his romance. The first one is that he has shown atrociously bad taste in the delineation of his villain, whose vices are pricked out in intolerable detail. The second thing that strikes the reader is the amazing incomprehensibility of everybody's behavior. A stained glass window sort of lady may marry an odious animal and may ignore his vices, but she could not be so blind to his unspeakable boorishnesses as Olivia was to those of her husband. Captain Charles Margaret, who was forced by accident into taking his old love and her brute of a husband on his own ship from England to the Spanish Main, was of a long-suffering patience, too good to be true; too good, indeed, to be good. His friend Perrin is variously described as a burnt moth, very wretched and haggard, a broken emotional creature, with the defects of a woman, wearing a bright green satin lining to his coat, "for, like most vicious men, he loved the color green." And he, too, is incomprehensible, minutely described but in nowise conveyed. The sailing master, an ex-pirate, is more defined, but equally incredible in his blending of patience and violent temper.

There is unquestionably power of a sort in the ruthless adventure and uncovenanted blood-curdling; and a chivalrous appeal in the unexplained worship of the boneless Olivia by all the characters except her husband. He, in the end, is handsomely treated in being allowed to die of yellow fever, and Capt. Margaret's long-suffering adoration finds reward. Long before these romantic events have run their course, however, still another point has been forcibly thrust upon the reader, namely, the astonishing language of the recital. Strong in the matter of phrase and epithet, the sentences are literally hacked into pieces by periods. And what kind of speech, for any one, but especially for subjects of King James, is here? "Don't you forget it." "She was a bute, all right." "Not on your life." No archaic cock and pye for Mr. Masefield.

The Calico Cat. By Charles Miner Thompson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

This is a study in rustic pettinesses, humors, vanities, and angularities; in boyish imaginings and resolve; in comical situation threatening to grow serious; in buffoon cowardice ultimately made ashamed. A Calico Cat was at the bottom of the events which for a time convulsed the village of Ellmington. Though not in permanent evidence as an actor, she is the propelling force behind all the commotion, and is appropriately clothed with the attributes of mysterious power. To be calico is to be without possible reproach of monotony. To be a cat is to be unapproachable, diabolically remote, yet damagingly present; a model of domesticity, if large families and a taste for mild milk in the saucer of civilization can prove it; an untamed daughter of the jungle, if pedigree may be established by voice, ferocity, and witch-like powers of prey. The mystery of the East and the creation being in every cat, give a competent author one, and he has a subject made to his hand. To entangle one, and that a yellow calico one, in the meshes of a shooting affair, a hint at smuggling on the Canadian frontier, a grand jury inquiry, and yet to keep it a genial family tale, doughnutty and comfortable, proves ingenuity and deserves thanks from seekers after the harmless necessary story of amusement.

Venice: Its Individual Growth from the Earliest Beginnings to the Fall of the Republic. By Pompeo Molmenti; translated by Horatio F. Brown. Part III: The Decadence. 2 vols. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $5 net.

With these volumes Professor Molmenti concludes his history of Venice. They cover, roughly, the last two centuries, from the battle of Lepanto in 1571 to the extinction of the Republic in 1797. They are written on the same plan as their predecessors—political events occupy little space, whereas the life of the people is studied in great detail. In so far as the outward affairs of the Signory had relatively little importance after the Spanish Conspiracy, this method of treatment suits very well; and yet we cannot think it right to dismiss Sarpi with a page, the twenty years' war in Candia with a paragraph, and the achievements of Morosini "the Peloponnesian" with bare mention. Friar Paul's management of the controversy between Venice and Rome not only typifies the policy which Venice maintained for a thousand years towards Papal encroachment, but it will serve forever as an example for any state which is defending itself against the attempt of ecclesiastics to get control of its temporal affairs. So the Candian War and Morosini's campaigns in the Morea deserve to be treated fully, because they display the persistence, in spite of old age and of the enervation of a long period of luxury, of the spirit which made Venice great. The contrast between these truly heroic episodes and the prevailing decadence ought to be emphasized strongly.

But Professor Molmenti's chief interest is in the social and moral conditions of the last two centuries. These he describes vividly and minutely. He has literally ransacked every cupboard. He tells the life of all classes—patricians, priests, artists, courtesans, gondoliers, servants—from birth to death. He writes exhaustively about industries and finance, theatres and sanitation, art and literature, crimes and dissipation. Nowhere else in English can one find such an elaborate array of facts concerning the manners, activities, and morals of the later Venetians. In addition to the printed material, which is enormous, Professor Molmenti has had access to many family archives, and he enriches his notes with many striking extracts. While doing full justice to the thoroughness of his work, and gladly admitting its interest, we may question whether he has not devoted undue space to the period of decadence. Venice had a political existence extending over thirteen hundred years. Of this great duration, three centuries may be assigned to adolescence and two centuries to old age; but the period of old-age was not particularly significant. Gambling, jaded sensuality, extravagance, elaborate and vapid ceremonies, folly triumphant—these are the symptoms common to prosperous states in their decrepitude. That Venice lasted as long as she did in spite of them shows how solid her constitution, both social and political, was at prime.

In reading a mass of social details such as are here set forth one must al-

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ways distinguish between what is characteristic and representative, and what is unusual or unique. Naturally, the scandals are reported: how far do they indicate the average conduct of the time? Above all, when it comes to sexual license, it is difficult to know the exact limits; for witnesses otherwise careful are inclined to generalize from too few data, if not to accept rumor and suspicion as valid testimony. The topical method itself, which Professor Molmenti uses, tends to destroy the balance. Nevertheless, there can be no doubt that his general description is correct. He has done for Venice singly what Burckhardt tried to do for the Italian renaissance as a whole. This work, which is an expansion, as we have said, of his earlier monograph, deserves to have a permanent place among the social chronicles of Italy. The great variety of its subjects, the well-chosen illustrations, and Mr. Brown's fluent translation will commend it to English-speaking readers, for whom the charm of Venice never grows cold.

Miscellaneous Papers. By Charles Dickens. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

The "Miscellaneous Papers" of Charles Dickens, consisting of contributions to various newspapers, and now—nearly forty years after his death—first included in the authentic edition of his works are interesting chiefly as additional evidence of the man's enormous activity. Here are 736 closely printed pages, matter enough to represent the life work of a slender literary talent of these degenerate days, and all this is but scattered wisps of Dickens's harvest, negligently left for the gleaning of an overscrupulous posterity. Though there is much good reading between the covers of this bulky tome, there is little of rare quality. As an editor Dickens was not so much a literary genius as a masterful business man. He did, indeed, conceive his journal *Household Words* with his genius, but he edited it, as it were, with his left hand.

Readers of his life will remember that it was his original design to call the paper by his own name, *Charles Dickens*, or *Charles Dickens's Own*—so completely had he identified his sentiments with those of the middle-class households into which he wished to penetrate, and so well did he understand the commercial value of his name. He did not pose as an intellectual leader, nor had he thought deeply on the matters which excited his editorial comment; he had, however, seen with his own eyes and felt in his own person many widespread evils against which he cried out as with the *vox populi*. But even in dealing with the gravest subjects he never sacrificed his sense of fun to his sense of dignity. For example, he writes as follows of the "late lamented Mr. Dove," a recently executed murderer:

> That amiable man, previous to taking the special express-train to Paradise, which is vulgarly called the Gallows, indited a document wherein he made it manifest to all good people that the mighty and beneficent Creator of the Vast Universe had specially wrought to bring it about that he should cruelly and stealthily torture, torment, and by inches slay, a weak, sick woman, and that woman his wife, in order that he, Dove, as with the wings of a Dove (a little blood-stained or so, but that's not much) should be put in the way of ascending to Heaven.

Moreover, in spite of his fierce diatribes on the bowie-knife press of "The States," the author of "American Notes" knew the journalistic value of strong sensations. The two long papers in this volume on "The Lost Arctic Voyagers" will compare favorably with Jack London's best for raw and horrible shudders. The official report on the lost exploring party of Sir John Franklin made it fairly certain that the latest survivors had prolonged their lives by "eating the dead bodies of their companions." Dickens, under the pretext of reassuring the public, pours out all the information he possesses on the grewsome devouring of human flesh by travellers and shipwrecked sailors in the last extremities, judicially weighs the evidence, and proves—nothing at all.

Few of the papers in lighter vein are specimens of the author at his best: the humor romps with rather artificial energy; the conceits have not had time to mellow. Yet the fact that they were written at less inspired moments may give them value in the eyes of the Dickensian. The reader of the novels is bewildered—Dickens himself was bewildered—by the mysterious and unaccountable vitality of his characters. He felt rather like their man-midwife than their creator; for when he had set them on their feet and given them a start in the world they hurried with impudent independence away from his beck and call. In his work as editor he is still a writer of extraordinary vividness and abundance of impression, but he is working without daemonic assistance. He is an astonishing but fairly comprehensible phenomenon—a captain of literary industry utilizing his by-products.

Science.

The Psychological Phenomena of Christianity. By George Barton Cutten. Pp. 487. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

Many a man who had remained untouched by the appeals of the clergy was drawn by the literary charm of Prof. William James's "Varieties of Religious Experience" to consider seriously matters of religious interest. That work had preëminent value in that it led not a few crabbed minds to a wider religious sympathy, and awakened many of those who felt themselves estranged from the churches to see that they might still maintain a religious attitude, though they were unable to embrace the beliefs of their fathers. No other author treating the same subjects can be expected to entice his readers as does such a literary master as Professor James; nevertheless, the work before us may well be classed with his as a probable source of enlightenment. It approaches the subject from an entirely different point of view; it appeals to a different audience, being addressed primarily to the theological student; yet being written by a theologian rather than a professed psychologist, it may well have a special and salutary influence where James's greater work might not be effective.

Although Mr. Cutten cannot profess to be a psychologist of originality, he is by no means lacking in psychological learning, and his work displays few points that can be attacked on technical grounds. To be sure, he seems at times somewhat credulous in minor particulars, but no more than must be expected in one who is not trained as a scientist. On the other hand, the reader cannot but be impressed by the firmness of his conviction of the value of the religious attitude, a conviction which renders him the more willing to look facts in the face, and to accept valid interpretations of religious phenomena which a few decades ago would surely have barred him from Christian fellowship.

In one particular his book is especially timely at this moment: viz., in bringing before us in convincing form the close relation between hysterical phenomena and religious ecstasies. In these days when not a few of his clerical brethren, ill-informed in the history of human pathology, are teaching that nervous disorders are universally prevalent and on the increase, it is salutary to see sketched the record of the far more violent and more morbid neurological symptoms recorded in the story of religious habits and expressions, of "religious epidemics," "contagious phenomena," and "revivals."

Our author's insistence that the mental attitude of which prayer is the expression is of the very essence of religion (*e. g.*, p. 405) is surely fundamentally true and cannot be too often reiterated. His references to authorities display wide and discriminative reading, and in the main his deference to high authorities does not lead him astray. In one respect only do we discover a serious lapse in this direction. When he holds, as he does throughout the book, that "if God works directly in man He must work through the sub-

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consciousness" (p. 18), he accepts a notion which appears to be entirely unwarranted, but which he can scarcely be blamed for entertaining, for he has probably gained it directly from certain words and implications found in Professor James's writings. He thus displays that unfortunate tendency, which Professor James has done so much to strengthen, to fall back upon mysticism when one finds one's self balked in the endeavor to attain clarity of conception. This "subconscious" is surely no more than what some of our psychologists now describe as "sub-attentive consciousness"; it is fundamentally of the same nature as clear attentive consciousness; and its manifestations therefore cannot be more essentially indicative of the influence of the Divine upon or within the man, than are the manifestations within the narrower field in which life appears to be guided by intelligence and reason.

"The Prevention of Tuberculosis," by Arthur Newsholme (E. P. Dutton & Co.), a volume of the new Library of Medicine, is confessedly written for the instruction and guidance of medical officers of health, to which service the author formerly belonged. Clinical and therapeutical matters are barely touched upon, save as they bear directly on the general question of the protection of the community. There is a good deal of historical and statistical detail, but not too much for the proper development of the argument. A longish first part treats of causative conditions with a good discussion of the sources of infection—and the conclusion that consumption is essentially an indoor disease, much encouraged by great density of population, general misery, and organic filth, favored by a moist soil in a manner difficult to explain, and transmitted by infection. Newsholme takes a firm stand that tuberculosis in man may be caused by the bovine bacillus, and that this is a constant source of danger, although much less frequently effective than the human form. The view of Von Behring that most of us are infected by cow's milk in childhood, the disease having remarkable powers of latency, is regarded as untenable because it contains too many assumptions quite opposed to our knowledge of the bacillus. The second section deals with the conditions which have already led to a reduction in the mortality. An interesting parallelism between general pauperism in Great Britain and deaths by phthisis is brought out, but with the distinct reservation that one does not explain the other. The examination of the statistics of a number of places and several countries develops the opinion that "the increase of institutional segregation has been associated with reduction of tuberculosis in the community affected by it." The reader will find it worth while to follow the steps by which this view is reached. Then follows, as a third part, a careful, but necessarily somewhat repetitious consideration of the methods to be employed in the reduction and extinction of tuberculosis. Here early recognition and the full employment of the resources of the dispensary and sanatorium are urged, but of paramount importance are the enlightenment of the public and a hearty coöperation at every step, few of the agencies to be employed being of a lasting value unless the patient and his friends fully appreciate the part they have to play. A bibliography of perhaps one hundred and fifty titles, in which we note Ruchle for Ruehle, makes no pretence to completeness, but will be found useful.

The ease with which new material is obtained must always be a strong argument for the study of the embryology of the chick, although many teachers doubt the wisdom of letting the student devote as much time to this animal as is usually given to it. In either case, the new "Development of the Chick" (Henry Holt & Co.), which Prof. F. R. Lillie has prepared as an introduction to embryology, will be heartily welcomed; for there has long been need of a new text-book or a thorough revision of the best old one. This work is of medium size, about five hundred pages, liberally supplied with illustrations which, as a rule, are exceptionally clear. So special is the treatment that no extended notice need be given here, but it may be added that, although the author professes to have intended his book for beginners, he seems to have in mind beginners of a pretty high grade. In an appendix of about twenty pages are detailed references to the literature arranged according to the chapters of the book, a plan which has many inconveniences.

"A Laboratory Course in Plant-Physiology" by Prof. W. F. Ganong of Smith College (Henry Holt & Co.), a second and somewhat modified edition, is exceptionally concise and clear, and is written with good judgment throughout. Professor Ganong has fully comprehended the difficulty of giving in small compass the essential facts relative to the life of plants, and he has therefore wisely omitted most of the controverted matters which might indicate the range of his study, but which are of little use to the student. The treatise is, first and foremost, a safe guide to accurate experimentation. Various new devices are suggested, somewhat after Prof. W. J. V. L. Osterhout's admirable plan for constructing efficient apparatus of simple types. The author has attempted with a fair success to make his book of use also to those who have not within their reach the advantages of an institutional outfit. When we reflect that a good part of our recent knowledge in regard to the distribution and habits of our native flora has been due to the enthusiasm of amateur botanists, we may confidently hope that inquisitive persons may attempt the solution of some of the perplexing questions relative to the nutrition and movements of plants. Then, too, as a handbook for disciplinary training in elementary exact research, the volume will be of service. Physiology is substantially the application of chemistry and physics to the investigation of the activities of organisms; but it so happens that both chemistry and physics are just now undergoing certain rather radical changes in the fundamental conceptions, especially along the border between the two sciences. Even such an apparently simple matter as osmosis has been placed temporarily on a new speculative basis. To select from these subjects still undergoing revision, a few which will serve as a discipline in exact and satisfying research has not been easy, but Professor Ganong has done well with his task.

Modern scientific work is being conducted according to broader and better methods, as is illustrated in recent reports of various field workers. In place of the old-fashioned, meagre, more or less personal narrative, with a mere uninteresting list of birds or mammals at the end, we have thorough accounts of the region explored. North American Fauna, No. 27, "A Biological Investigation of the Athabaska-Mackenzie Region," by Edward A. Preble, published by the Government Biological Survey at Washington, is a most valuable paper. This central portion of Canada is the chief habitat of the fur-bearing animals, and is the breeding ground of most of our great flocks of ducks and geese. Here, too, the wood bison still survives in sadly depleted numbers, for the majority of the calves are killed each year by wolves. Mr. Preble's monograph (574 pages, with colored maps and illustrations) begins with a brief itinerary, and then treats in detail the physical geography and climatology. Though the advance of spring in this boreal latitude is extremely slow, migrating crossbills, mosquitoes, moths, butterflies, and flowers appear as early as April. The next section is devoted to Life Zones and the causes underlying the remarkably sharp lines of distribution of animals and plants. The work of previous explorers—Hearne, Mackenzie, Franklin, and Kennicott—is reviewed, and their errors are corrected. Finally, presented in thoroughly systematic manner, with elaborate notes on food and life histories, we have a summary of the mammals, birds, reptiles, batrachians, and fishes of the region. A list of trees and shrubs, a bibliography, and a good index bring this important contribution to science to a close.

The eleventh volume of the sumptuous and admirable edition of the "Œuvres complètes de Christiaan Huygens," published by the Holland Scientific Society, has recently been delivered to American subscribers. It contains only the work of his youth, mainly upon mathematical subjects—rectifications, quadratures, tangents, magic squares, etc., and a more extended essay upon floating bodies, interpreting and completing Archimedes's treatment of this subject. The first feeling upon opening the work is sure to be one of delight at the completeness, the admirable form, and the apparatus for interpreting the text—plates, indexes, etc. Then one wonders why much of this material was thought worthy of publication at all. Surely the literature of precocity is already extended enough. But many of these essays have content as well as form, reminding one of Maxwell's early work; and throughout they are annotated with such care as to show what is new and the sources of the old. Where are our boys of sixteen who are doing this kind of work?

The current number of the *Archiv für Anthropologie* contains a detailed report of the excavations made last summer at Le Moustier, Dordogne, France, by the Swiss anthropologist, O. Hauser of Bâle; a critical analysis of the characteristics of the human skeleton found there, and its relation to the Neanderthal type, by Prof. H. Klaatsch of Breslau; and ten illustrations and a full-page plate which give a clear idea of the form and relative posi-

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tions of the more important objects discovered (see "The First Race of Fossil Man," *Nation*, January 14, p. 44). These articles are published also as a separate monograph, "Homo moustieriensis Hauseri," by Fredrich Vieweg & Sohn, Brunswick. The general advance in methods of exploration, and especially the great care with which every detail has been scrutinized in this instance, have resulted in establishing facts regarding their burial customs unperceived in the earlier discoveries of skeletons of the Neanderthal type.

The hundredth anniversary of the birth of Charles Darwin and the fiftieth of the publication of "The Origin of Species" will be celebrated at the American Museum of Natural History in this city on February 12. A bust of Darwin will be presented to the museum by the president of the New York Academy of Sciences, Charles F. Cox, and accepted by the president of the museum, Prof. Henry Fairfield Osborn. Prof. John J. Stevenson will speak on "Darwin and Geology"; Dr. Nathaniel L. Britton will discuss "Darwin and Botany"; and Dr. Hermon C. Bumpus, director of the museum, "Darwin and Zoölogy." Dr. Edmund Otis Hovey, of the museum, chairman of the Darwin Memorial Committee, has arranged an exhibition of Darwiniana, and a series of illustrative specimens and groups of specimens bearing upon the Darwinian theory of natural selection. The exhibition will continue for one month.

Lorenzo Gates, the well-known botanist and conchologist, died at Santa Barbara, Cal., January 30. He was of English birth, but came to this country in 1853. He was the author of "The Channel Islands," "Aboriginal Weapons in California," and other works.

Drama.

THE DEATH OF COQUELIN.

Benoît-Constant Coquelin, the French actor, died January 26 at Pont-aux-Dames, Seine-et-Marre. Only a few days earlier, Edmond Rostand, who had been giving the finishing touches to "Chanticler," arrived in Paris, ready to begin the rehearsals of the play in which M. Coquelin, who had the leading rôle, was expected to be as successful as in "Cyrano de Bergerac"; but M. Coquelin succumbed suddenly to an acute attack of embolism, from which he long had been a sufferer.

He was born in Boulogne in 1841, the son of a baker. His natural inclination and ability soon led him in the direction of the theatre; and in 1859 he gained admission to the Paris Conservatory, and became a pupil of the distinguished actor, M. Regnier. From the first Coquelin exhibited extraordinary capacity. In less than a year he won the second prize for comedy, and made his first appearance at the Théâtre Français in the character of one of Molière's lackeys. Before he was thirty he had been elected a *sociétaire*, and was established as one of the leading attractions of the famous house. For a number of years he was seen most frequently in plays of the classic repertory, such as "Dépit amoureux," "Les Fourberies de Scapin," "Les Plaideurs," "Le Mariage de Figaro," and "Don Juan." By degrees he drifted into the more modern drama. One of his triumphs was in "L'Aventurière," his Don Annibal furnishing one of the most striking examples of humorous, yet realistic, intoxication known to living memory. Another famous impersonation was his Duc de Septmonts, in "L'Étrangère," which was followed by his Léopold in "Les Fourchambault." M. Coquelin early established what may be called a second reputation by his extraordinary felicity in the recitation of witty, pathetic, and humorous poetry. His delivery of these tid-bits was a wonderful illustration of finished elocutionary art.

As he became more famous, he began to grow restless under the restrictions of his contract with the Théâtre Français. Objection was raised to the provincial tours which he had undertaken, and he was informed that he must confine his public appearances to the Français, or forfeit the pension to which he was entitled. He declined to yield, severed his relations with the theatre, and signed agreements for his first American engagement. The fight lasted for three years, when a compromise was effected, by which he returned to the Français (in 1889), with the understanding that he should act there for six months in the year and be at liberty to play where he chose during the remainder of the time. Thereafter, M. Coquelin made frequent tours in France, England, and elsewhere, until his final retirement from the Français.

In this country his success was instantaneous and complete. His most characteristic performance, perhaps, was his Mascarille, long recognized as a masterpiece, but he appeared also in "L'Aventurière," "L'Aiglon," and "Les Surprises de divorce." Another impersonation that was greatly admired, especially for its admirable declamation and its noble death scene, was his Cyrano de Bergerac. But he was not at his best as a picturesque or romantic actor, as was shown by his unimaginative interpretation of the part of Mathias in "The Bells," and in his correct and clever but uninspired performance of Labussière in Sardou's "Thermidor."

Of his career viewed as a whole it must be said that he was not one of the world's great actors—he could not be ranked, for instance, in the same category with Talma, Rachel, Bernhardt, or Salvini—but he was one of the most accomplished performers produced by the French stage during the last century. Reared in the best traditions of the Théâtre Français, he was, in all the regions of comedy, a complete master of his art, his impersonations being no less remarkable for the perfection of their technical finish than for the richness of their natural humor. He owed much, of course, to the endowments of nature—high spirits, great bodily vigor, a vibrant voice, and an extraordinary comic and intelligent facial mask—but his chief triumphs were mainly due to sheer histrionic skill, an exquisite appropriateness of attitude and gesture, infallible control of facial expression, an irresistible vitality, and a wonderful elocution that gave the fullest effect to the most delicate emphasis. In the broader classic French comedy he had no rival. He could be effective also in romance or melodrama, so long as he was not required to interpret the deeper springs of pathos or passion.

The seven plays now added to John S. Farmer's Tudor Facsimile Texts (London: T. C. & E. C. Jack) were written probably in the twenty-five or thirty years following 1537, and thus bring to the general use of students valuable material for the study of that obscure period when the drama was passing from its mediæval to its renaissance form. They include such varied matter as "The Life and Repentance of Mary Magdalene," by Lewis Wager, one of the latest of the old English morality plays, here printed from a British Museum copy of 1567, a copy of an earlier-dated (1566) but otherwise identical edition being in the possession of W. A. White of this city; "The Play called the Four P. P.," one of the undoubted interludes of John Heywood, from the British Museum copy of 1545 (?); "The Chief Promises of God unto Man," one of the reformation plays by John Bale, Bishop of Ossory, from the unique copy in the British Museum of the first edition of 1538, a later edition being dated 1577; and the "Ferrex and Pollux" of Thomas Sackville and Thomas Norton, from the authorized edition of 1570, one of the first beginnings of tragedy which has been frequently reprinted, but never before in facsimile. The other volumes are: "Apius and Virginia," by R. B. (Richard Bower?), from the Irish find of 1906, probably written in 1563; "Damon and Pithias," by Richard Edwards, from the British Museum copy of 1571; and "Jacob and Esau," from the British Museum copy of 1568. All these collotype facsimiles have been compared with the originals by J. A. Herbert of the museum and are guaranteed by him as practically perfect. Only admiration can be felt for the editor's zeal in thus at once placing these rare works out of the chance of destruction and making them easily accessible. As we have remarked of earlier issues of the series, the value of the undertaking depends on its bulk, and it is pleasant to know that already some fifty plays are in preparation. Our sole criticism we must repeat. The books could have been made doubly useful, and at relatively small expense, by printing a transliteration of the text in each volume.

The Ghetto is coming in for a large share of attention in recent German drama. Be-

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sides the plays by Schalom Asch, a Yiddish writer successfully brought forward by S. Fischer of Berlin, there is a play by Arthur Holitscher: "Der Golem," a *Ghettolegende* in three acts, of which the scene is the house of a rabbi in the ghetto of a mediæval city.

The latest play of Charles Klein, "The Third Degree," which was produced in the Hudson Theatre on Monday evening, is an inferior work to "The Lion and the Mouse," in respect of significance and purpose, although it shows some advance in the art of technical construction. In general character it never rises above the dignity of melodrama, although the fact that it is founded upon a definite motive of general public interest distinguishes it from purely sensational pieces of its class. There can be no doubt that its central theme, the unscrupulous methods adopted by a certain type of police officer to secure the conviction of a suspected prisoner by the manufacture of a case against him, is a legitimate subject for dramatic treatment, but the particular instance used is not very ingenious or convincing, while the attribution of hypnotic power to a police captain of the lowest political type—apparently with the notion of giving the play a dash of the quasi-scientific flavor which is the latest theatrical fashion—is an expedient so far fetched as to be almost ridiculous. As a matter of fact, the piece is more of a demonstration of the occasionally deceptive character of circumstantial evidence than of dangerous police intrigue. In other words, the dramatist almost entirely fails to maintain his original proposition, which, in the end, is lost sight of. But he has written an effective and in many respects, well made melodrama, in which the situations are often interesting, if the types are conventional. The representation is helped greatly by some remarkably good acting by Helen Ware, who, in the part of the distressed heroine, fighting against desperate odds, gave an uncommon display of perfectly natural and womanly emotion.

The story of Rudolf Besier's new play, "Olive Latimer's Husband," now to be seen in the Vaudeville Theatre, London, is not a pleasant one but it seems to be told with considerable dramatic skill and knowledge of human nature. Practically the whole play is a series of conversations in the ante-room to a chamber where Mr. Latimer has died. Before his death he had written a letter to Mrs. Latimer's lover, Sir Charles Weyburne. Of this letter the doctor secures possession, and he insists upon delivering it in spite of Mrs. Latimer's tearful appeals. She fears that it is a denunciation and will make mischief. Finally, after much suspense, the missive is opened, and proves to contain the writer's dying wish that his widow and Weyburne may be wedded at the earliest possible moment, being plainly intended for each other. But the request has an effect directly opposite from that which was intended, for it provokes remorse in the breasts of the former lovers and makes them both resolute to avoid union. The acting of Mrs. Patrick Campbell in the character of the heroine is described as remarkably effective.

Somerset Maugham's latest comedy, "Penelope," which has just been produced at the Comedy Theatre, in London, seems to be in the main a conventional piece, but full of amusing touches and an occasional unexpected turn. Penelope is a young wife, who discovers that her husband is engaged in an intrigue. She summons her parents, and demands a divorce. But her father, a sage philosopher, bids her pretend ignorance, arguing that the husband will soon tire of his new flame. This turns out to be true. The husband finds his double life expensive, grows heartily sick of it, and finally makes a confession. He is told that everybody has known all about it all the time. Then, instead of professing penitence, he flies into a rage, denounces his wife's conduct as disgraceful, and proclaims that he alone of the whole family is possessed of any moral principle. This was the turn that most pleased the audience. All the critics agree that Marie Tempest is exceedingly well suited in the part of the wife, and never acted with more humor or spirit.

Charles Frohman has a new one-act play by J. M. Barrie, in which Ethel Barrymore will be seen before long.

Music.

MENDELSSOHN AND STRAUSS.

February third was the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Mendelssohn. During his brief life of less than thirty-nine years, he was the idol of the musical world, and for about a quarter of a century after his death in 1847, his popularity continued unabated. Then came a violent reaction. Schubert, Schumann, Chopin, Liszt, Berlioz, and Wagner, who had been overshadowed by Mendelssohn, came forward, and his fame paled. For a time it seemed as if it would fade away altogether; his music was neglected in private houses as well as in concert halls; to be a Mendelssohnian was to be an old fogy. Presently the pendulum began to swing once more the other way, but not so far. Music-lovers were learning to discriminate between inspired work and uninspired. Mendelssohn's songs, which had so long triumphed over the far superior productions of Schubert, Schumann, Franz, and others, are now, with a few exceptions, acknowledged to be obsolete. Much of his pianoforte and chamber music also has vanished. But his choral works, "St. Paul" and "Elijah," have stood the test of time, if not so well as Bach's and some of Handel's; and among his orchestral pieces several are as fresh to-day as when they were written.

Musical compositions are as ephemeral as literary works. To be able to say of any composer sixty-two years after his death that some of his works are as fresh as when they were given to the world, is to assign him a place among the immortals. That Mendelssohn is looked on as an immortal is shown also by the extraordinary interest in his centenary, here as well as abroad. Apparently, every musical organization in the country, small or great, is arranging a Mendelssohn programme. Everybody will thus have an opportunity to confirm or revise his opinion of the greatest of the Hebrew musicians. Richard Wagner once wrote a sensational pamphlet in which he declared that in none of the arts had the Jews produced creators of the first rank. In a more temperate mood, however, he declared that Mendelssohn was the greatest specific musical genius since Mozart. Wagner called him "a landscape painter of the first order," and regarded the "Hebriden" overture as his masterpiece; Wagner admired the "Midsummer Night's Dream" overture, that marvel of genius which Mendelssohn wrote when he was seventeen, and which he never afterward surpassed or even equalled. This overture, with other numbers of his incidental music to Shakespeare's play, has often appeared on concert programmes, and it bids fair to live as long as any music now in existence.

There is reason to suspect that the great interest in the Mendelssohn centenary is due not merely to a desire to pay tribute to his now acknowledged genius and his fixed place among the classics, but is partly a result of the reaction against present tendencies of music, particularly in Germany. By an interesting coincidence, Richard Strauss's latest opera, "Elektra," was produced in Dresden last week—only ten days before the Mendelssohn centenary. The peculiarities of this music-drama have been cabled to all parts of the world, and in this city we had our own revival last week of "Elektra's" predecessor, so that an opportunity was afforded every one by attending "Salome" at the Manhattan, and one of the Philharmonic Society's Mendelssohn concerts at Carnegie Hall, to observe for himself the enormous difference between Germany's present musical hero and the hero of two generations ago.

Perhaps, the American correspondent who telegraphed after hearing "Elektra" that it is "a prodigious orchestral orgy, with nothing that can be called music in the score," was guilty of exaggeration; yet when Mme. Schumann-Heink was studying the rôle of Clytemnestra, Strauss himself is reported to have said to her: "It is not singing at all. You have only to groan, moan, and sigh, but it requires tremendous dramatic power." Deliberate exclusion of melody from both the vocal and the orchestral parts of his operatic music is Strauss's trade-mark. Long ago he discovered that the faculty of creating melodies is the weakest part of his musical equipment, so he cast about for means to hide that deficiency. The easiest way was to follow the example of Berlioz, enlarging the orchestra immoderately and laying on the colors so thick that few would know whether or

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not a melodic pattern was sketched underneath. Wagner required for his stupendous Nibelung tragedies four clarinets and four trumpets, but Strauss must have seven clarinets, seven trumpets, and other instruments in proportion. Nor does he waste them; they are used for the weaving of a polyphonic web so intricate that the most expert musicians can hardly find their way. Indeed, it is conceded that much of this intricacy is not for the ear at all, but only for the eye of the reader of the orchestral score. Too much contrapuntal skill hath made Strauss mad, as it did the old Netherland masters of the sixteenth century, who wove together as many as thirty separate vocal parts, regardless of everything but ingenuity. Mme. Schumann-Heink tried to study the "Elektra" score with the composer himself, but found it "a forlorn hope"; he then advised her to apply to the man who had made the version for piano, and with his aid, at last, she "got a definite clew"!

In the hands of Strauss, German music has thus degenerated into a riot of virtuosity, a mere sport, in which he and his imitators (among them Max Reger) try to "go each other one better." But there are signs of revolt—signs that this orchestral virtuosity will ere long be ranked by serious musicians not much higher than the vocal fireworks of the colorature prima donna. Strauss would have never come into such vogue had not orchestral conductors been as eager to show off the skill of their bands as singers were to display their trills and runs and staccati. The universal interest in the Mendelssohn centenary indicates that the public is eager to return to the land where flows the milk and honey of melody. No doubt, Mendelssohn's music contains too much milk and honey; but even thus it is better than the mixture of vinegar, gall, and cayenne pepper which we get in the Strauss operas.

Among the latest publications of Breitkopf & Härtel is "Mozart as a Composer at the Age of Eight." It contains minuets and other pieces written in 1764 and found lately among autographs given to the German Emperor by Ernst von Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. The same firm has also just issued the third and last volume of Litzmann's biography of Clara Schumann; a book on Beethoven's "Immortal Beloved," and the correspondence between Liszt and the grand duke, Carl Alexander of Saxony, who were close friends for forty years. Many of these letters show how energetically and persistently Liszt tried to pave the way for Wagner. The grand duke called Liszt his "ministre intime," and often consulted him on other than musical matters, testifying: "He never gave me a bad or a selfish piece of advice."

Ever since the King of the Belgians, some years ago, made a public speech in Flemish, the literature of Flanders has been looking up. The latest work in Flemish to attract special attention is an opera by R. Verhulst and A. De Boeck, entitled "Reynaert de Vos," which has recently been produced at the Antwerp Flemish Opera, and which is declared to be successful from the musical point of view, though the text is rather prosy. The fact that this is the first purely Flemish piece of the kind put on the stage, and that Belgium is the early home of *Reynaert* gave unusual interest to the production. The story is based on the famous "Roman du Renart" and Goethe's "Reinecke Fuchs," and there is said to be an interesting analogy between Verhulst's production and the play by Rostand dealing with the tale of "Chanticler."

Paderewski gave his only New York recital on Tuesday afternoon before an audience which crowded Carnegie Hall. He has crossed the Atlantic this time not with the object of giving concerts, but of helping the Boston Symphony Orchestra to launch his symphony which he has only just completed and which will be played here in a few weeks. The fears that his absorption in that work might have impaired his skill as a pianist were dissipated at once when he played Bach's "Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue," a piece which he interprets as a sort of prophecy of modern music—an improvisation with modern recitative. He played Beethoven sonata Op. 111 in the same free and poetic manner; and then delighted his hearers with pieces by Schumann, Chopin, Debussy, and Liszt, to which he had to add seven extras.

In connection with the observance of the centennial of Haydn's death, May 31, 1809, the third congress of the International Music Association will be held in Vienna May 25 to 29. There will be special selections for Catholic and Protestant church music.

Twelve letters by Chopin to his friend Fontana were recently sold at auction in Berlin for $600; five Brahms letters went for $42; fifteen Wagner letters $200; and a Wagner manuscript, a dedicatory composition for the hotel-keeper Kraft, $240.

Art.

THE "INTERNATIONAL'S" EXHIBITION.

LONDON, January 23.

Of late, the foreign element at the International has shown signs of growing less, and this winter it is very much in the minority, to the great loss of the exhibition. Comparatively little comes from France; next to nothing from other European countries; from America, a disappointingly small group, though the Americans who have sent are all worth seeing. But if, for the moment, old standards are less rigidly upheld, the society still accomplishes much that an Academy of Arts, deserving the name, would never have left any other body of artists the chance even to undertake. One striking example will explain. Among the few Americans represented is Saint-Gaudens. The International was the first society in England to recognize him and to make him at all known in this country. Once it had exhibited his work, the Academy elected him an Honorary Foreign Academician. To most people, it would have seemed the duty, the pleasure, and the privilege of the Academy to organize a show of his sculpture, after his death. On the contrary, it has allowed this to be done at the New Gallery by the International. The pity is the impossibility, the first time Saint-Gaudens is at all adequately represented in London, of including any of his large, distinguished monuments. The bust of Gen. Sherman and the Head of Victory are here, and also photographs of at least the Sherman statue and the Shaw memorial, but they hardly give a fair idea of the originals. For the rest, there are many of his beautiful *bas-reliefs*—portraits of Mrs. Stanford White, Justice Gray, Robert Louis Stevenson, the Hon. John Hay, Bastien Lepage, Mr. and Mrs. Wayne McVeagh, and several others. But the British critics have scarcely noticed his work at all, or else have given it the faint praise that damns.

It is the same with almost all the American work. Mrs. Bessie Vonnoh has some charming little bronzes, studies of childhood and motherhood, of the people and things of the life she knows and understands, full of that right soul of realism which gives vitality and the stamp of truth. But, if I am not mistaken, she has not shown in London before, her name is not as yet familiar, and she is passed over for those who are busy turning out imitations of imitations of Rodin's least desirable work. Miss Cecilia Beaux's full-length of Mother and Child does not fare much better, though in its restraint, its quiet color scheme, its dignity, it is a reproach to the more sensational bids for notoriety of too many of the other exhibitors. But it is when the critics come to Arthur B. Davies that they are most wholly at a loss. Three of his paintings are here: Wavering Twilight, Bud to Blossom, and Four o'Clock Ladies, beautiful and tender impressions of color and light, arranged with a poetic feeling for pattern and an entire disregard of that sort of meaning which degenerates into anecdote. There is little in the galiery to compare with them in decorative charm of line and color balance, but they have been ignored save by one or two of the more enterprising critics. Henry Muhrman and Frank Mura, though more frequently seen in London, do not fare much better. Another American exhibitor is Henry Wolf, whose wood-block reproductions of paintings stand quite alone—as Timothy Cole sends nothing this year. Mr. Wolf's prints, after Ambrogio de Predis, Couture, and R. Swain Gifford, and his impression of Morning Mists are among the most distinguished work in the little room set aside for black-and-white.

To turn to the other foreign work is

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to find that France has never made so indifferent a showing. The past has been drawn upon, and a small Manet—a beautiful, fresh impression of the sea at Boulogne—and an early Monet, a Daumier, and a Delacroix have been included. A prominent place is again found for Maurice Denis, the most national and logical of modern Primitives. It is amusing to come direct from the labored affectations of Burne-Jones, now at the Royal Academy, to the sincere simplicity of a large design like La Vierge à l'École, with its expressive spacing of flat color and large decorative feeling. Blanche has an amazingly clever, but unpleasantly violent, arrangement of flowered chintz, in an otherwise quiet interior; and Simon Bussy a nude, which, no doubt, appealed to him as a curious study in perspective, but to which he has not succeeded in imparting any other interest. It is, however, more personal than Caro-Delvaille's huge Sommeil Fleuri, which is nothing more than the able piece of flesh painting of the accomplished technician. With the sculpture there has been careful, if limited, selection. A characteristic series of bronzes, plasters, and marbles, by Carpeaux has been got together, less interesting in itself than as a record of a period very near to our own in point of date, but, in aims and methods, already remote. The busts of the Empress Eugénie and the Princess Mathilde, the statue of the little Prince Imperial, with his dog, Nero; the Susanna, and the Genius of the Dance have the prettiness and sentiment of the sculptor's generation, but less of the larger beauty and distinction that belong to all time. A comparison between them and as characteristic a series of Rodin might have been most interesting, but Rodin's contributions are fewer and of less striking importance than usual, consisting of a marble La Jeunesse de Minerve so smooth and trim and lifeless that it hardly seems to be the work of Rodin; and a plaster of the head of one of the *Bourgeois* in the large group at Calais, which does not explain itself when it is thus taken from the rest of the figure.

Italy is represented by a good but small Segantini, and Spain by one not very striking Garrido, instead of the many Angladas and Zuloagas that more than once have decorated the walls of the International. From Holland come two examples of Bauer's romantic architecture and a study of flowers by the late Vincent Van Gogh, a painter of individuality, who never won the success he merited; from Belgium, two brilliant, matter-of-fact outdoor impressions by Emil Claus. Beyond these things, I recall nothing from abroad in particular, except the vigorous and remarkable colored etchings by Olaf Lange, whose work I now see for the first time. It may be objected that the effects he strives after are beyond the proper scope of etching, but, at the same time, he manages very wonderfully to get what he wants; he knows how to put a design together, and his arrangements of reds and greens and golds have a distinct decorative value.

The work of British exhibitors hardly makes up for the absence, or the indifference, of so many foreign artists. I have said nothing as yet of George Sauter, who is a German, but he lives here and is associated rather with the British group. Of this group, not one other shows so interesting and personal a painting as his large Resurrection. It is an arrangement of nude and partly draped figures, the subject one the old masters loved, but the feeling and treatment essentially modern, the whole canvas full of sunshine and air. Sunshine and air again fill the ordinary London street as he sees it through its Spring Veil of tender green and luminous mists. Mr. Sauter is always the sincere, tireless student of nature, concerned with problems of atmosphere and light, and not handicapped by convention. This is why his work, whether you like it or not, has a vitality which other members of the International are in danger of sacrificing to formula. Mr. Ricketts and C. H. Shannon, for instance, have become so absorbed, each in his own formula, that they seem to forget the very existence of nature. Even William Nicholson, ingenious as he is, at times is so engrossed in pattern that everything else must be subordinated to it. The large, stately interior in which he has grouped his Earl of Plymouth and Family is charming, composed and painted with skill and unmistakable zest; but, if Lord Plymouth, as he lounges in the foreground, is an excellent portrait, the other figures have no more importance in the picture than the furniture, no more suggestion of life than the little statuette introduced into a study of still life which Mr. Nicholson is also exhibiting. James Pryde, too, is overweighted with pattern. He has a painting called The Doctor, with the explanation added that it is "No. 1 of a series of twelve pictures entitled The Human Comedy. This invites the inevitable comparison with Hogarth, and therefore reminds us that it is the study of character, together with a beautiful rendering of it in paint (scarcely the most salient qualities in Mr. Pryde's design), that alone can give value to the moral tale told on canvas. If I mention a fresh, radiant stretch of the sea at Dieppe by Morrice, I have come to the end of the list of paintings that had any interest for me.

But though the exhibition has been finer in the past, though much that is second-rate has crept in, it still reaches an infinitely higher level as a whole than such a collection of Academicians as the McCulloch show at the Winter Academy (see the *Nation* of January 21, p. 73), and is far more truly representative of all that is best in the art of to-day. N. N.

THE GOVERNMENT AND ART.

A bill is pending in Congress to appropriate $20,000 for the purchase of a portrait of Abraham Lincoln, to be hung in the Capitol. The artist's name is not given in the dispatches, and he may have produced a masterpiece; but this process of acquiring works of art by special act of Congress is vicious. It has led to the defacing of the Capitol in the way that every visitor of taste must deplore. Some pushing Senator with a pushing artist among his constituents, a Representative skilled in log-rolling, will get through a bill for buying a statue by Gifted Hopkins, or a canvas by the greatest self-taught painter of Arizona; and that has been our equivalent for the art encouragement given in France by the label "acheté par l'état." Impulse and favoritism and preference without artistic guidance have brought together in the Capitol statues that fight with each other and paintings that scream at each other and at the spectator. One has only to go across the square to the Congressional Library to see the difference between official art of the happy-go-lucky sort, and that which exhibits really capable direction.

It is to introduce something like order and taste into the whole realm of the government's contact with art, that the President appointed the other day a volunteer Council of Fine Arts. The same end is sought by a bill presented on January 19 by Senator Newlands. It provides that the office of Supervising Architect of the Treasury shall be known hereafter as the Bureau of Art and Public Buildings. To this bureau is to be granted artistic control of all government art work. Of course, it is not possible to take from Congress its Constitutional right to display bad taste. Neither under the Newlands bill, if it should become law, nor under the President's order, would it be feasible to prevent the enactment of a special act to buy for a Senate committee-room a replica in marble of the pleasing bust of the Vice-President done in the best creamery butter for exhibition at an Indiana county fair. But short of interfering with these high prerogatives of Congress, the Council of Fine Arts can have supervision of all parks and public buildings and memorials in Washington, seeing to it that the matured scheme for the beautification of that city be adhered to; and can pass upon the plans for all Federal buildings to be erected in any part of the country.

This would be undisputed if the Newlands bill were to pass, authorizing by

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law such artistic control. Set up solely by executive order, its validity has been attacked. The statute forbidding any department or officer of the government to "accept voluntary service for the government," is cited as a fatal barrier. But the apparent intention of this was to prevent the creation of a body of officials, commissioned but without pay; while the Council of Fine Arts, as appointed by the President, is purely an unofficial advisory body. Mr. Roosevelt simply declared that he should direct his Cabinet officers, in any public work which might fall under their power, to take the advice of these accredited artists. It does not seem possible to contest that action on the grounds either of law or of common sense. Clearly, it would be better to have the whole matter regulated by act of Congress. If there had been any chance of getting the needed legislation at this session, the President would doubtless have waited for it. As there was not, he acted, not at all in opposition to the Newlands bill, but in anticipation of it; there is little doubt that Mr. Taft will continue in force the executive order until the appropriate law is passed.

It was no reformatory spasm that led to this action at Washington. The project had been under consideration for nearly four years. It was brought to the attention of the Society of Beaux-Arts Architects in 1905, and after being endorsed by them, was referred to the Fine Arts Federation of New York. At the prompting of a committee appointed by that body, the matter was laid before the American Institute of Architects. That being a national organization, might be expected to have more weight with Congress; and it appointed an able committee which reported at the annual meeting in 1907. Again the subject was worked over for a year, a new committee making an exhaustive study of the laws and customs regulating the action of foreign governments, particularly France, Germany, Italy, and Spain, in relation to the fine arts. Thorough search was also made of the records at Washington, to discover just how much this country had spent, and Congress was proposing to spend, for works of art. The whole result of the investigation, with a recommendation that Congress be appealed to, was laid before the Institute of Architects in Washington last December. Certainly, therefore, there has been neither haste nor lack of due consideration.

On its merits, the question can be argued with only one conclusion. This country has got beyond the Pleiocene age of art. With millions to lay out upon public buildings and monumental works, this government is simply bound to give the people the finest product that can be had for their money. A concrete illustration of the need of unified, competent, and consistent artistic direction is furnished just now by the controversies over the proposed Lincoln Memorial in Washington. The Senate favors building a highway from Washington to Gettysburg. In the House, a bill is pending to expropriate the land between the Capitol and the new railroad station, itself a monumental structure, and use that site for a memorial. Now comes the American Institute of Architects, to protest against both these proposals, and to insist that the original conception of the Park Commission plans for beautifying Washington be adhered to. This was to reserve a site for Lincoln by the Potomac, beyond the White House and the Washington Monument, where a noble approach and sweeping and harmonious vistas could be had. Clearly, all these plans should be passed upon finally by a disinterested tribunal of acknowledgd authorities in art. Only by setting up such a body of expert advisers can the government be saved from muddling and waste in its artistic work.

We have received from Charles Scribner's Sons the third volume of John Murray's reprint of Crowe and Cavalcaselle. A rival edition now being published by J. M. Dent & Co. has already had the good effect of compelling Mr. Murray to promise the completion of his undertaking within the year. We reserve till that date our appreciation of Cavalcaselle's original work, and our criticism of the competing editions.

"How to Appreciate Prints," by Frank Weitenkampf (Moffat, Yard & Co.), differs from half a dozen approved handbooks of the subject in being written for the unqualified beginner. Mr. Weitenkampf, as curator of prints in our public library, knows as no other man the many interests, mostly non-æsthetic, that centre about a collection of prints, and, while his own taste is trained, he gives to each popular motive its due place in his book. For readers moderately well informed on these matters his manual will seem diffuse and roundabout. But it is not written for them. The diffuseness is merely that of the patient mentor who by repetition, illustration, and apt dilution must make his lesson clear. For its public the book will do good. It will reach many who cannot grasp such manuals as the late Dr. Lippmann's. The field is covered fully, and even the different sorts of process engraving are included. We could wish the very summary and thin encyclopædic portion had been reduced in favor of a more extended appreciative treatment of a few great and typical engravers; also that the inferiority of reproductive engraving had been more strongly insisted on. Under the soft ground etching (p. 21), Cotman's "Liber Studiorum," almost the classical instance of the *genre*, should have been mentioned. Whistler (p. 38) had two, not one, mediocre prints in the book of the Junior Etching Club. If only for the record, John Foster, the first, and perhaps the worst, wood engraver of America, might have had his word of mention. Somewhere, too, in the discussion of autograph signatures there should have been a warning against late impressions, which, being subsequently signed by the artist for a fee, acquired a standing as proofs. We have seen, for example, Whistler's authentic butterfly monogram upon plates from the Thames set, of the latest (though really excellent) impression, that he affected utterly to scorn and disown. These casual suggestions may be useful in a second edition of this meritorious book.

Eduard Fuchs, who will be remembered as the author of "Die Frau in der Karikatur," a work which bore proof of great scholarship and judgment, has completed another ambitious work, "Illustrirte Sittengeschichte vom Mittelalter bis zur Gegenwart" (Munich: Albert Langen). It is in three volumes, each complete in itself, treating respectively the renaissance, the gallant, and the bourgeois period. Each volume contains about 450 illustrations in the text, and from fifty to sixty two-page illustrations, some in color, and all reproductions of the rarest pictorial documents of the history of morals and manners since the middle of the fifteenth century.

The excavations of the Deutsche Orient Gesellschaft in the vicinity of Ericha, the supposed site of the ancient Jericho, have resulted in most interesting discoveries. Not only have the walls of the city been unearthed, but the entire northern part of the citadel, which is situated on the slope of one of the seven hills on which Jericho was built, has been brought to light. It was fortified by an external and an internal wall, both of which were crowned by strong corner towers and connected at irregular intervals by walls. On the northern slope of the city, outside the walls, numerous remains of Canaanite houses were discovered, some of which were built against the city wall. In many cases the clay partition walls were still standing. Bodies of children, buried in jars, were found beneath the clay floors of the houses. Ovens and a drainage canal were also brought to light. Besides the Canaanite houses an interesting collection of Israelite houses, dating from about 700 B.C., was partly unearthed. Of these one was exceptionally well preserved. It contained a court yard open to the air, with a bench, a long room, and a kitchen opening on to the yard, in which the great water tun still stood in its original position. In this house were found numerous domestic utensils, such as plates, dishes, pots, amphorae, corn mills of red sandstone, lamps, torch-holders, and many iron implements. A number of graves of the early Byzantine era, containing vessels of clay and glass, were also discovered, showing that the site of ancient Jericho was inhabited at a much later period. Unfortunately, practically no inscriptions have as yet appeared. All that has been discovered are a number of stamps on the handles of jars apparently bearing the name of the divinity Jahu. The letters are Aramaic and probably date from the fifth to the third century before Christ. The excavations will be resumed in the course of the winter, and further discoveries are looked to with great interest.

The one hundred and fourth annual exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts opened Saturday and will close March 14. There are 447 pictures and 180 pieces of sculpture, including seventy-six works from men who have never before exhibited at the Pennsylvania Acad-

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emy. The following awards have been announced:

The Temple Gold Medal to Frederick P. Vinton for his portrait of Carroll D. Wright, president of Clark College.

The Walter Lippincott Prize for the best figure picture in the exhibition to Thomas P. Anshutz for The Tanagra.

The Jennie Sesnan Gold Medal for the best landscape in the exhibition to Theodore Wendel for Winter at Ipswich.

The Carol H. Beck Memorial Gold Medal, now awarded for the first time for the best portrait in the exhibition, to John S. Sargent for his portrait of Miss Mathilde Townsend of Washington.

The Mary Smith prize of $100 to Miss Martha Walter for her Portrait.

An exhibition of the paintings of Joaquin Sorolla y Bastida will be held at the Hispanic Museum in this city February 8 to March 8.

Among the exhibitions at the dealers' galleries in this city are pictures by T. W. Dewing and D. W. Tryon at Montross's, till February 13.

Alfred B. Copeland, artist, died in Boston, January 30, at the age of sixty-nine years. Much of Mr. Copeland's work was done abroad in Antwerp and Paris, but since 1896 he has lived in this country. His large painting, "Falling Leaves," is owned by the Boston Athenæum.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Austin, Stanley. The History of Engraving: From Its Inception to the Time of Thomas Bewick. Scribner. $1.50 net.

Baedeker, Karl. Greece; Italy from the Alps to Naples. Scribner. $2.40 net each.

Bousset, Wilhelm. The Faith of a Modern Protestant. Scribner. 75 cts. net.

Carr, J. Comyns. Some Eminent Victorians: Personal Recollections in the World of Art and Letters. Scribner. $3.50 net.

Combarieu, Jules. La Musique et la Magie, étude sur les origines populaires de l'art musicale. Paris: Alphonse Picard.

Crees, J. H. E. Claudian as an Historical Authority. Putnam. $1.50.

Crowe, J. A. and Cavalcaselle, G. B. A History of Painting in Italy. Vol. III. Scribner. $6 net.

Darwin, George Howard. Scientific Papers. Vol. II. Putnam. $4.50.

Davidson, K. L. Gardens Past and Present. Scribner. $1.50 net.

Dewitt, David Miller. The Assassination of Abraham Lincoln and Its Expiation. Macmillan. $2.25.

Dictionary of the Bible. Edited by James Hastings. Scribner.

Dixon, H. Clairborne. The Abbeys of Great Britain. Scribner. $1.50 net.

Dixon, Thomas, jr. Comrades: A Story of Social Adventure in California. Doubleday, Page. $1.50.

Eaton, Isabel Graham. By the Shores of Arcady. Outing Publishing Co. $1.25.

Euclid's Elements—Thirteen Books. Translated by T. L. Heath. Putnam. $13.50.

Fairweather, William. The Background of the Gospels, or Judaism in the Period between the Old and New Testaments. Scribner. $3 net.

Hall, Angelo. An Astronomer's Wife: The Biography of Angeline Hall. Baltimore: Nunn & Co.

Hazell's Annual for 1909. Edited by W. Palmer. Scribner. $1.50 net.

Henderson, Charles Richmond. Industrial Insurance in the United States. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. $2 net.

Hrdlicka, Ales. Physiological and Medical Observations Among the Indians of Southwestern United States and Northern Mexico. Washington: Government Printing Office.

Jewett, Frances Gulick. Control of Body and Mind. Ginn. 50 cents.

Johnson, Owen. The Eternal Boy: Being the Story of the Prodigious Hickory. Dodd, Mead. $1.50.

Lowndes, Mrs. Belloc. The Pulse of Life: A Story of a Passing World. Dodd, Mead. $1.50.

Macquoid, Percy. The Plate Collector's Guide. Scribner. $2.25 net.

Maugham, William Somerset. The Explorer. Baker & Taylor Co. $1.50.

Maugham, W. Somerset. The Magician. Duffield & Co. $1.50.

Morawetz, Victor. The Banking and Currency Problem in the United States. North American Review Publishing Co. $1 net.

Nagel, Oskar. The Mechanical Appliances of the Chemical and Metallurgical Industries. New York: Published by the author, P. O. Box 385. $2 net.

Niedieck, Paul. With Rifle in Five Continents. Scribner. $5 net.

Osborne, William Hamilton. The Red Mouse: A Mystery Romance. Dodd, Mead. $1.50.

Ossig, Caspar Schwenckfeld von. A Study of the Earliest Letters of. Edited by Chester David Hartranft. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel.

Poems of American History. Edited by Burton Egbert Stevenson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Seignobos, Charles. History of Contemporary Civilization. Translation edited by James Alton James. Scribner. $1.25 net.

Severy, Melvin L. Gillette's Industrial Solution: World Corporation. Boston: Ball Publishing Company.

Shurter, Edwin Du Bois. The Rhetoric of Oratory. Macmillan. $1.10 net.

Staley, Edgcumbe. The Tragedies of the Medici. Scribner. $3.50 net.

Staples, Ernest Linwood. A Man of Destiny: Being the Story of Abraham Lincoln. An Epic Poem. Springfield, Mass.: Lincoln Publishing Co.

Stork, Charles Wharton. Day Dreams of Greece. Philadelphia: Lippincott. 75 cents net.

Utopian Papers. Edited by Dorothea Hollins. London: Masters & Co.

Watson, Foster. The English Grammar Schools to 1660: their Curriculum and Practice. Putnam. $2.

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